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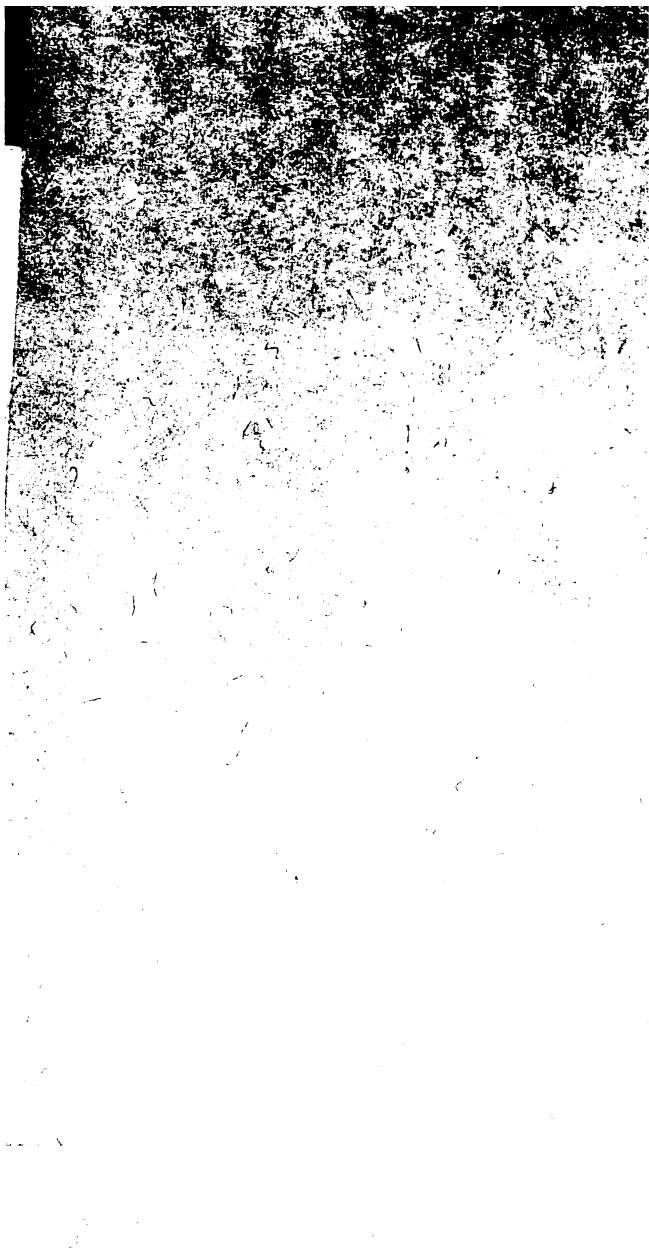
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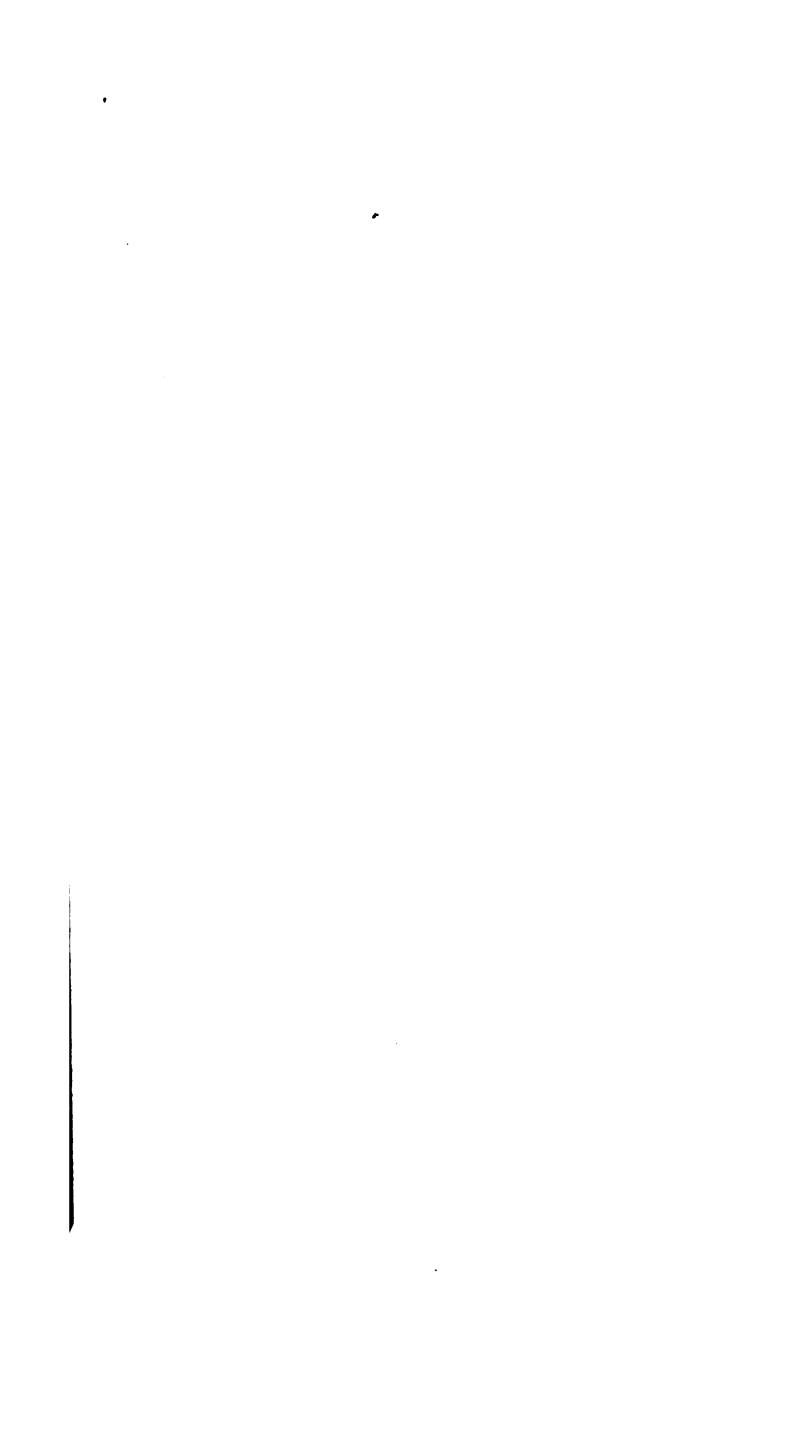


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ROY WAIN
JULIAN
WAIN

TO
HIS EVER HONOURED
THE
COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER,
FROM THE AUTHOR.

What though Apollo might his aid refuse,
Though coy the Graces, and though cold the Muse,
Something there was that yet inspired my style,
I hoped, and found it in Maria's smile.

BY

IMITA-



I M I T A T I O N
OF THE
FOURTH SATIRE OF BOILEAU.

- - - - - *O bone, ne te
Frustrere: insanis, et tu—*

WHENCE comes it, my Friend, that Mankind
are so prone
To condemn others' follies, and pardon their own?
Every Madman lies snug, and, though crackt through
and through,
Sends his Neighbour to Bedlam without more ado.

A Pedant, who worships the books on his shelves,
Declares it presumption to think for ourselves;

That a Burke, or a Fox, hardly knows how to speak,
 And good sense can alone be expressed in the Greek :
 Had the Authors he reads, or the Bards whom he quotes,
 Been content with collections of other men's thoughts,
 Old Hómer had stood on a level with me,
 And the Stagyríte just such a blockhead as he.
 In the Greek ! cries my Lord—Do not Critics agree
 'Tis in Cypher, and send us to look for a Key ?
 Ah the Graces * !—these only our thoughts should em-
 ploy,
 And all Arts be reduced to the *Je ne scai quoi*.

A Senator, high in his Sovereign's grace,
 Rests the proof of his wit on the worth of his place ;
 Holds him wisest who best shall his fortune advance,
 And the first of all talents, a head for Finance :
 " For Finance—what is that ? "—'Tis the Logic of State ;
 Which proves we must purchase the means to be great ;
 That, to make the machine with facility roll,
 A Part must dispose of the wealth of the Whole ;
 Calls in question our right to what Nature has given,
 And corrects all mistakes in the justice of Heaven.

* See Note I. at the end.

Let the Nations bow down to a Senate or King,
 With respect for the Name, and distaste of the Thing;
 It matters not much how we vary our plan,
 One, many, or few—still the agent is Man;
 Feeble Systems establish the ills they would shun*;
 Ev'ry Mode comes at last to be the echo of one—
The Rulers are mad, and the People undone.

“ Happy Hand, that first culled bitter Leaves in the
 “ East!

“ Happier That, which bestowed its rich Cane on the
 “ West†!”

Thus the Statesman declaims—“ it is well understood
 “ That to multiply wants is a national good;
 “ Mark the progress of things—Traffic, taxes, a fleet,
 “ Stretch your arms round the globe, till your Colonies
 “ meet,

* If forms of proceeding, written Statutes, or other constituents
 of Law, cease to be enforced by the Spirit from which they arose,
 they serve only to cover, not to restrain, the iniquities of power.—
 HUME.

† The Sugar Cane was not a Native of the New World; it was
 brought from the East into Europe, and thence transplanted into the
 West.

“ Let your flag in its pride to th’ Antipodes roam,
 “ Send your thunders abroad”—and stop payment at
 home.

Such the triumphs of wealth ! a commercial controul
 Finds a greatness of state on a meanness of soul* ;
 Confides in a splendor, which, fatally bright,
 Expires with the substance that gives it its light.

Not such were thy principles, Sparta ! whose pride
 Was, by Virtue, no less than in arms, to preside ;
 Read, ye Rulers, and blush, when on record ye find
 That the poorest were also the first of mankind.

A Bigot, accustomed himself to revere,
 Thinks to dupe ev’n his God by the fervor of prayer,
 And, in fullness of power derived from his zeal,
 Dooms the rest of mankind without mercy to Hell.

* There seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is, by war, as the Romans did in plundering their conquered neighbours : this is *Robbery*—The second by commerce, which is generally *Cheating*—The third by agriculture, the only *honest Way*.—FRANKLIN—a Philosopher, who has spoken some other truths, which we had better have listened to.

What

What a madness ! exclaims the Philosopher, he
 Who conceives by believing, we cease to be free ;
 Who affirms that the soul and the body are one ;
 Which existing together, together are gone ;
 And, doubting of all things, is certain alone
 Of that which of all things the least can be known.

To fall short of the truth is a weakness of mind,
 Wisdom seizes, but Folly still leaves it behind.

Is He sane, who, to render his objects more clear,
 Throws aside all that makes them to be what they
 are ;

Of Abstractions thus form'd, starts a problem to view,
 Which admits of no answer, yet cannot be true ;
 Denies Matter can act upon Spirit, and hence
 Proves Existence a manifest fraud on the sense ;
 Holds that nothing is real that's under the Sun,
 And asserts a first cause, although nothing be done ?
 Wit and folly thus spring from one texture of brain ;
 How ingenious the proofs, the conclusion how vain !
 Such is Man ; thus divided, he shuffles along,
 In the means, or the end, ever doomed to be wrong :

“ To

“ To be perfect in both were divine”—By this rule,
Man is just in his station—half wit and half fool.

Newton, Leibnitz, Descartes—pass we judgment on
these ?

Shut up two ; with the third, you may do what you please ;
You will leave him at large, while you think him the best,
Till a fourth comes and proves him as weak as the rest :
“ This is bold”—Be it so, yet you still must allow
That Democritus was, what Sir Isaac is now.

“ Our Historians may pass without censure—You
smile”—

We expect information ; their object's a style :

'Tis not History, no, 'tis an eloquent Page*, *

Little matter, high dress—a true type of the age.

“ Yet attractions they have”—or they would not be read ;
Some with nature are pleased, more delight in parade :

* Ils estoient tant de pomp, d'ornemens, et d'appareil de langage ; tant de belles descriptions, tant de considerations d'etat, et de raisonnemens—que le plus souvent on n'y peut apprendre autre chose pour l'histoire, que la maniere avec la quelle on la peut eloquemment d'ecrire.—MEZERAY, Of the Italian Historians.

“ Those

“ Those periods ”—composed with a technical grace ;
 “ What a brilliancy ”—often much out of its place.
 Come, Hooker, with thee let me dwell on a phrase
 Uncorrupted by wit, unambitious of praise :
 Thy Language is chaste, without aims, or pretence,
 ’Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense *.

Shall I pass by the man, who can wholly forget
 Every Thought of his own in the national debt :
 Who with heart disengaged, and an undisturbed head,
 Sees his wife without shoes, and his brats without bread ;
 “ I told you, my Dear, that the nation must fall,
 “ And the family compact would ruin us all.”

The Robber shall die ; Heaven frowns on the knave ;
 Not on him whom it pleases the Commons to save :
 He robs like a king, who a nation takes in,
 And the Thief disappears in the excess of the sin.

“ Since our parts in this life are so cast, so perplexed,
 “ It is well we have rules how to live for the next.”

* See Note II. at the end.

There's a text, it is true, and that text is from God,
 But we live by the comment, and not by the code.
 Our particular aims give the doctrine its tone ;
 Each man has a Bible and Creed of his own ;
 Believes, disbelieves, as the motives draw near,
 Takes the one up thro' Vice, and the other thro' Fear
 Deist, orthodox, sceptic, the turbulent elf
 Is at war with all nature, his God, and himself.

In a word, 'twere no less than the labour of years
 To describe every shape in which madness appears :
 * As soon might I count the men, women, and maids,
 In a season whom Graham has sent to the shades ;
 † Of his pupils how many Tenducci has brought
 To perform in a way one would never have thought.

A Zealot, 'tis said, with a soul all on fire,
 Conceived himself one of the heavenly choir ;
 In the symphony joined with extatic delight,
 Or sang hallelujahs from morning to night ;

* Quot Themison ægros Autumno occiderit uno.

† — Quot Discipulos inclinet Hamillus.

Monri

Monro was called in, and, howe'er it fell out,
 By art, or by accident, brought him about :
 His service acknowledged, the Patient quite free,
 The Doctor of course held his hand for the fee—
 “ A fee, Sir !—No, no—Have I cause to rejoice ?
 “ Alas ! I have now neither fiddle nor voice.”

But enough—in this place, I my Author must quit;
 Convinced that I want both his patience and wit :
 I leave him to press, as he does very hard,
 On the Miser, the Prodigal, Gamester, and Bard,
 On the Poet ! I wonder he touched on that string,
 A Rhyme, good or bad, is so pleasant a thing ;
 With exception for this, I agree from my soul,
 And am ready with him to conclude on the whole,
 That Mankind are all mad, and with all their address,
 Are distinguished alone by the more or the less.

N O T E S.

N O T E I.

Ab the Graces! —

IT was the Passion of a late Noble Author, to introduce into this Country a Refinement of Manners. Had he substituted Elegance, it had been a better proof of his Taste; and more acceptable to the Graces, the Saints of his Idolatry.

The Manners are simple, in the strictest sense, when they spring from the impulse of Passion, or Self-love, without regard to the consequence or import: Such are the Manners of Achilles and Agamemnon in the opening of the Iliad. This degree of Simplicity will be better distinguished, if we call it—Rudeness.

In a state of Rudeness, Men live for themselves; In a state of Refinement, they affect to live for others.

As a total inattention to the feelings of others is offensive; the absolute sacrifice of our own is unnatural;

natural; and therefore cannot be pleasing; since it must appear to be, what it really is, the triumph of Vanity, or of Art, over simpler Manners.

The Medium between these extremes, is that Elegance of conduct, by which we render our social qualities most pleasing, our selfish, least offensive. All beyond this is Refinement; betrays a design; and counter-acts the first principle of the Noble Author, Self-interest.

His Doctrine on the Subject of Politeness would divide Mankind into Knaves and Dupes: they had better continue as they are—Have nothing to do with it, like the English; or reduce it into innocent forms, like the French.

NOTE

N O T E II.

*Thy Language is chaste, without aims or pretence !
'Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense.*

AS—“ They saw, that to live by one Man’s
“ will, became the cause of all Men’s mi-
“ fery !”

Again—

“ The general and perpetual Voice of Men is,
“ as the Sentence of God himself. For that which
“ all men have at all times learned, Nature herself
“ must needs have taught. And God being the
“ Author of Nature, her Voice is but his instru-
“ ment.”

He rises in Beauty, but never steps out of Nature.
“ Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than
“ that her seat is the bosom of God ; her Voice the
“ harmony of the world : All things in Heaven and
“ Earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling
“ her care, and the greatest as not exempted from
“ her power : both Angels, and Men, and Crea-
“ tures

“ tures of what condition soever, though each in
 “ different sort and manner, yet all with uniform
 “ consent, admiring her as the Mother of their
 “ peace and joy.”—HOOKER Eccl. Pol.

In these Passages the Diction is distinguished by
 a gradual Rise from absolute simplicity to consum-
 mate elegance.

The simplicity is absolute, when the Language
 is merely what the thought makes it.

Elegance implies a Choice; but the choice must
 seem to spring from the impression of the Idea. By
 this it is distinguished from Refinement, which is—
 A studied Advantage in the Manner, independent
 on an adequate motive in the Thought.

A superior Genius may trust to the influence of
 his feelings: the beauty, of whatever kind it may
 be, will pass into the Language. Hence the
 effusions of Genius become the Laws of Com-
 position.

They who cultivate elegance with no other aim
 than to do justice to the idea, will be deservedly ad-
 mired: but when, from observing the pleasure this
 gives, they become too studious to please, they are

B

apt

apt at times to fall into refinement. That which is but a Lapse in Men of Parts, rises into Design with those who have none. From a contempt of Simplicity in the expression, may be traced the several excesses of refinement; and the prevalence of ill-taste in many branches of Composition.

FURTHER

FURTHER THOUGHTS
ON
MANNERS AND LANGUAGE.

FROM good sense, and a native benevolence of heart, springs a Consciousness of what is due to ourselves, and others. This becomes, as Society improves, the just and only Standard of propriety and elegance in the Manners. But, as much the greater number of men are under no such direction, Elegance with them, is for the most part artificial; and as such must be subject to fluctuation and excess. Here we find it necessary to distinguish between true elegance, which is Taste, and has its origin in Feeling; and the Artificial, which is Fashion,

and founded on Imitation. It is of the latter we speak, in deciding on national Manners; and which is generally understood by the word Politeness.

If we consult the history of Manners, we shall find that they are in a constant progression from Rudeness towards Elegance; from Elegance towards Refinement.

The state of Manners in every Age and Nation is to be collected chiefly from their Dramatic Writings. This leads to consider what state of Manners is most favourable to the dramatic Character.

The finest pathetic feelings spring from a conflict between the simple Dictates of Nature, and the restraints arising from a respect for the laws of Propriety and Decorum. Now, it should seem, that this Conflict must be at the highest, when the Manners emerging out of Rudeness are in their progress towards Elegance; for, Rudeness being under no restraints, the Passions must come to an immediate decision; and the finer gradations of the Pathos are lost in the Violence of the Character. On the other hand, Elegance,
taking

taking place as a rule of Conduct, has a constant tendency to Refinement: And as the Aim of refinement, is, to suppress, or disguise the emotions of passion, it must necessarily introduce an uniformity of Manners: Hence it is evident, that an age of politeness cannot abound in dramatic Manners. These observations are established by experience: Thus, Aristotle tells us, that the early dramatic writers were, in the manners, greatly superior to the Writers of his time, which was an age of Politeness. This will be confirmed, I believe, on a comparison of the age of Shakespear and Fletcher with the politer ages which have succeeded.

Manners are the constituents of Character; the modes by which we express our ideas and sentiments are, as well as the sentiments themselves, indications of the Manners.

Simple Manners employ a congenial Language. The bold Metaphor, or figurative speech of the savage, is no exception; it is his idiom; the natural consequence of the poverty of his Tongue, and the Vivacity

of his Feelings: with him, Description supplies the want of appropriated signs; Metaphors are short descriptions: We may observe a great deal of this in the efforts of Children to express their conceptions. What a number of our words in common use are the wildest metaphors, tamed into signs of the most familiar ideas*.

There is a great difference of opinions concerning the fitness of figurative language in the expression of passion: this depends much on the nature of the Passion. It should seem, in general, that Men acting under forcible impressions of any kind, have not time for preference. In this, the Conduct of the Greek Drama is admirable: the Poet seldom appears in the Dialogue; but, like a fire kept down, bursts out in the Chorus. What then shall we do, who have no Chorus? Write like Shakespear, and laugh at the Critics.

* For my Notions of figurative Language, which would naturally find their place here, and, without which, this little Essay must appear to disadvantage, I take the liberty to refer the Reader to my—Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry.

Simple

Simple Language unites happily with an Elegance of Manners; the reason has been given—Elegance is nothing more than a cultivated Simplicity. But the union of refinements in the expression with simple Manners is intolerable, because the Manners are of one age, the Diction of another. The proofs of this are too frequent in dramatic Actions borrowed from ancient story; as in those which have taken place in the early stages of our own.

It might be expected, that Romantic and fantastical Manners should delight in language that had a tincture of their own extravagance: but it is not so; the simple Diction of the Orlando of Ariosto is a striking proof of the contrary: the reason is this—there being no standard in Nature for such Manners, they can have no Language of their own: that therefore suits them best, which comes the nearest to Nature; it gives them what they most want, some resemblance of Truth.

This last observation leads me to examine, whence it is, that Simplicity should

be the favourite language of Humour. Many reasons occur—it heightens Pleasantry by an exterior of Gravity; it renders Irony exquisite by an Air of Sincerity; and lends to Fiction the impressions of Truth.

There are moments in which Gulliver is to me a faithful Historian.

Addison's delight was in his *curiosa felicitas*; except where the Genius of Humour taught him to forget his Cares in an artless Elegance, and undesigning Simplicity. Could it be expected that this should bring him under the censure of a Master Critic? But, *to descend to the language of conversation*, was to Johnson a species de leze Majesté.

Simplicity is not merely the proper language of Humour, it sometimes becomes its principal Constituent: this was better understood by Swift than by any other Writer in his Walk. In his Genealogy of Faction, whom he makes to be the youngest Daughter of Liberty, he speaks thus—"As
" it is often the nature of Parents to grow
" most fond of their youngest and disagree-
" ablest Children, so it happened with Li-
" berty,

“ berty, who doated on this Daughter to
 “ such a degree, that by her good will she
 “ would never suffer the Girl to be out of
 “ her sight. As * Miss Faction grew up,
 “ she became so termagant and froward,
 “ that there was no enduring her any longer
 “ in Heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to
 “ be gone†.” The simplicity in this pas-
 sage creates the pleasantry: but there is a
 degree of exaggeration in it, not common
 with Swift, and which seems to point to
 something more than the subject professes;
 it strikes me as a pleasant ridicule of the
 formal and elaborate genealogies, just at that
 time introduced by Addison. I am the
 more ready, perhaps, to give into this con-
 jecture, as his allegories and genealogies are
 the parts of Addison’s writings which please
 me the least. As to his Dreams and Vi-
 sions, in which he most delights, they are, at
 the best, but ingenious embarrassments, in-

* Addison, in his Description of Humour, calls it,
 this *Young Gentleman*.

† Whig Examiner.

volving

volving * common-place truths in fine-spun mysteries; whilst the Reader sits down to the humble office of reducing these conceits to their insignificant origin.

Simplicity is so essential to Humour, that it forms the principal distinction between Humour and Wit: thus, if the pleasantry should spring from a surprise, or happiness in the turn of the expression, it is not Humour; it is Wit.

The points of difference between these two exertions of the fancy, are readily felt, but with difficulty explained: they are objects of taste. We have much the same difficulty in explaining the nature of the difference between *bitter* and *sweet*.

As my subject confines me to the consideration of humour and wit so far only as they affect, or are affected by, the language; it reduces the notice I am to take of them within a narrow compass. Wit is, in many instances, a mixt address to the understanding and the fancy: when it flutters, as often

* See the First in the Collection. Spect. No. 3.

happens,

happens, between the language and the thought, it strikes at intervals; and, according to the degrees of our apprehension, is conceived by parts; but Humour being a simple impression, and wholly in the thought, takes place at once, and in the entire, or not at all.

Hence it follows, that Wit may be, in part, explained; Humour, not: this proves that Humour is more an object of taste; unless the Wit should be genuine, and entirely in the thought.

This observation points to the following consequences—Humour, by its attachment to simplicity, tends to preserve the purity of language. Wit, on the contrary, from the habit of playing as well with words, as with thoughts, has a manifest tendency to corrupt it.

In the investigation of Wit, and of Humour, the Philosopher loses himself in the refinements of Analysis; he lays his Prism to the sun-beam; but the colours escape.

Addison takes a shorter course; and gets rid of the difficulty, by throwing it into
Allegory;

Allegory; *after the manner*, as he tells us, of Plato*; it may be so: but the little satisfaction I receive from either of these methods, convinces me, that the simplest way, and the easiest, is, at the same time, the best. Let us look only to that which presides in the nature of the thing before us: in matters of taste, the essentials of the objects are in their immediate impressions. My subject recalls me to points of easier management, and more within our reach.

When treating of the sublime or the beautiful, we distinguish between a beauty in the Thought, and that which is said to be in the Expression: We have not, in general, a clear

* For example—

Falshood was the Mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a Son called Frenzy, who married one of the Daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begat that monstrous Infant, False Humour.—Spect. No. 35, Vol. I.

By what Law of Nature, Falshood should beget Nonsense: Nonsense, Frenzy: or Frenzy, False Humour, I do not know: but of this I am certain, that, by a privilege to dispose of the most difficult subjects *after this manner*, one might beget a reputation for Wisdom with very little effort.

idea

idea of the distinction; this appears evidently in that known, but narrow description, which makes Wit, *in its enlarged sense*, to consist in—

Things often thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Improvements of the expression will be found, in every remarkable instance, to be an improvement on the Thought: the thing is better expressed, because better conceived. This brings the subject to its true point—a reciprocal happiness in the thought and expression—If this is not Wit, it is something better.

All that falls short of excellence in Language, lies in the degrees of the Polish; and depends much on the reigning taste of the times, or fancy of the Reader. Consummate beauty fills the conception, supercedes opinion; and makes comparison nugatory.

When a Translator or Imitator, taking advantage of the under-parts in his Original, rises upon him in the Diction, he is not to be considered as entering the Lists with his principal; but as a minor Genius contend-
ing

ing with one of his own Class: it is no unusual policy with these, to be most awake, when their Original nods.

The modernizers of our early Poets have not much to boast of. Improvements on the Childhood of language are the triumphs of Time; the advantage is in the medium, not in the execution. Discoveries in Astronomy, by the perfecting of the Glass, are no proofs of genius in the observer, unless, like Newton, he enlarges Hints into Systems; and finds in other worlds the copies of our own. Let the Improver on Chaucer out-wing him in flights of invention: all the rest is but peeping through the Telescope.

On the choice of words depend the energy and beauty of the Diction: the finest feelings will ever make the happiest choice. To what purpose, then, is a formal distinction made between the Expression and the Thought? To establish a fallacy; to suggest, that there may be substitutes to Genius, and equivalents to Invention; to make tricks pass for graces, and fopperies for elegance.

Far

Far be it from me to include such a writer as Pope in the *latter part* of this censure. If he was, what Scaliger said of Erasmus, *ex alieno ingenio Poeta*, he is yet greatly distinguished from the ordinary Spirits of this Class, by a talent for improving on the *thought* he borrows; to a degree of beauty, indeed, that at times creates a doubt, whether it should not be considered as a mode of Invention.

It has been observed, that, in perfect Simplicity, the Language is merely what the Thought makes it. That, Elegance implies a Choice; but such, as that the thought and the expression shall appear to be *congenial*. From these two principles results a third—That the sound shall be in a just proportion to the sense.

Though this Principle is seldom noticed, except in the gross abuse of it, it is yet perpetually operative; takes place more or less in every impression; and, according to its being observed or neglected, governs our Liking or Disliking, in the moment, in a greater degree than we are aware of. I
 2 have

have been led to this last reflection, by observing, that I soon grow wearied with the reading of what is called Fine writing.

The encroachments of Affectation, in its several modes, mark the taste of the age in which they prevail: the present is distinguished by a passion for rounded periods, and a sounding elocution. Hence, that redundancy of epithets, by which the Diction is unnerved, the force of the principal idea being lost in the futility of its accessories. Hooker, Hobbs, and the best of our early Classics, had no conception of wasting Epithets on Substantives which could do without them.

Can it be, notwithstanding this œconomy of sounds, that we should prefer the Cadence in the passages borrowed from Hooker to the most elaborate modulation of our modern composers? Whence is this? That which is but melody, in the latter, is, in the former, Harmony; it springs from the sentiment; it is a part of the Diction—"They saw, "that to live by one Man's will, became "the cause of all Men's misery." That
Fall

Fall was happy: Music does not know an accord more exquisite.

But epithets, we are told, are the colouring of Language; in virtue, I presume, of their being *laid on*. Is not this to deal rather hardly by the Verb and Substantive? Be this as it may; colouring is still but a part of Painting, subordinate to correctness and Simplicity in the Drawing: in any case, Excess is not beauty: and the colours should be chaste which are to imitate Nature.—To return to our sounds—In a copious Language, and such ours certainly is, the Word is ill chosen that is not adequate to its idea; where it is, to repeat what it implies is the worst of expletives: yet these are the leading notes in our musical periods—“ Every
“ man, that has undertaken to instruct
“ others, can tell what slow advances he has
“ been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall *vagrant* inattention, to stimulate *sluggish* indifference,
“ and to rectify *absurd* misapprehension*.”

* Johnson's Life of Milton.

This *tripartite* Movement, considered merely as such, is one of the Tricks of composition : yet it is not ungraceful, when it grows with the subject, becomes an accord, and is supported by a responsive gradation in the idea.

Sometimes we are let down through a sequence of synonyms, dying away, in the sense, like the iterations of an echo, in the sound—" This practice saves them trouble " in marshalling their words, and arranging " a period : but though it may leave their " meaning intelligible, yet it renders that " meaning much less *perspicuous, determined,* " and *precise*, than it might otherwise have " been*."—If a *Trio* was necessary, the order should have been inverted.

This mode, with its Variations, is of Italian origin ; it was much the delight of Guicciardini, such fooleries excepted, a grave Historian, and a sensible Writer—The experienced Reader would know the author of the following period, though I

* Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.

had not named him.—“ Ed è forse tanto
 “ piu pestifera la sua Tirannide, quanto e
 “ piu pericolosa l'ignoranza, perchè non ha
 “ nè *peso*, nè *misura*, nè *legge*, che la ma-
 “ lignita, che pur si regge con qualche
 “ *regola*, con qualche *freno*, con qualche
 “ *termine*.”

To rise in sound and subside in sense, is a species of refinement hardly worth the cultivation.

To regret the banishment of Simplicity from our fashionable Writings, is, in fact, to lament a decay of Genius. We may apply to their union, what the Poet has expressed with more taste than erudition—

And, whereſoe'er they went, like Juno's swans,
 Still they went coupled and inseparable.

I can in no way better serve the cause of Simplicity, the object I have had all along in view, than by recommending to my Reader a little piece of Hooker's, entitled — A Remedy against Sorrow and Fear. It is a lovely specimen of affecting and genuine

eloquence; an eloquence, which, *Nature herself must needs have taught**.

It is a fault which will be readily pardoned in our Author, that he defeats the purpose of his own Remedy, by exciting the Passions which he professes to cure.

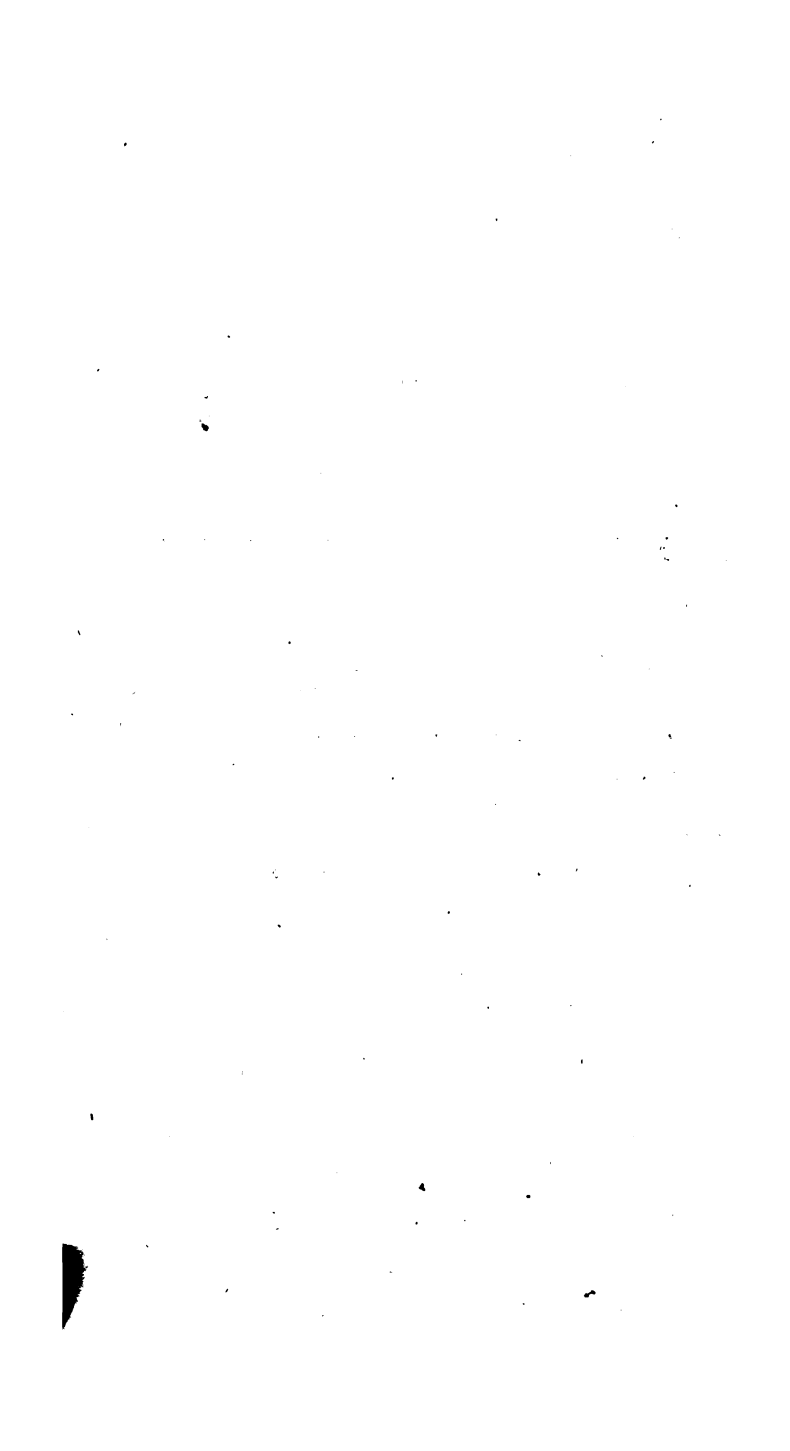
* For beauty of style, in every kind, read his sermon on the certainty and perpetuity of Faith in the Elect—After having read this, you will perhaps doubt with me, whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the precision and Polish of later times.



E S S A Y
O N
P A R T Y - W R I T I N G,

PUBLISHED IN ONE OF THE
WEEKLY PAPERS, in 1763:

An *Æra* distinguished by the Spirit with which this
Species of Writing was conducted: a Spirit not
unhappily cultivated at this present Time,
and which *it is hoped* the following
ESSAY may contribute to
preserve.



E S S A Y
O N
P A R T Y - W R I T I N G.

Hæ tibi erunt Artes—

HAPPY are the times, says an ancient Author, in which we may think what we please, and speak what we think—If so, we may justly boast that we live in an age in which political felicity hath been brought to its highest perfection. I know, that some Critics consider the words above quoted as subject to certain restrictions of decency and decorum; but, with submission, the design here, is not, to propose a Rule of Prudence, but, a Test of Liberty; and I think it next

to a demonstration, that the Virtue of this Test must rise in proportion to the force of its exertion : when, therefore, our Party-Writers vindicate wickedness, defame worth, assert falsehoods, or deny truths, we must not look on these things in a moral, but, a political light : we are not to consider these gentlemen as void of all ideas of right and wrong, but as generous Patriots, who sacrifice every appearance of Virtue to the public happiness, and are contented to sit down with disgrace to themselves, that they may procure to their Countrymen the fullest assurance of Freedom.

Having thus far established the Theory of the art under consideration, I shall endeavour to forward and encourage the Practice: to this end, I shall throw together some general Rules, deduced from the nature of Polemic eloquence, and confirmed by the success of the greatest Masters in this Art.

The method I propose to observe, is that of the celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau : I shall consider myself as the Tutor ; the Publick as my Pupil ; and having previously supposed

supposed in my *Emilius* a reasonable provision of that *Barbarie Angloise*, which the said *Roussseau* hath, with no less justice than politeness, attributed to the whole nation, I shall proceed without further preface to the explanation of my system.

The first Rule, and that on which all the others depend, is this—You must not consider Right and Wrong, Truth and Falshood, as things really and essentially differing in themselves, but embrace or reject them merely as they favour or obstruct your principal object. I am sensible, that you may be a little awkward in this at first; not, from any scruples arising from your own feelings, for I suppose you superior to such; but, from an apprehension of the disgrace which sometimes attends the detection of injustice, with regard to persons; or, of falshood with respect to things: but remember, that the great point in Party-writing is to gain time, and to serve the immediate purpose; if this be obtained, let the consequence shift for itself; and take my word for it, that, should the worst happen, there will be more who will admire you
for

for your address, than censure you for the imposition; for, it is the nature of men to be delighted with tricks and deceit, provided they are not themselves the principal sufferers.

R. 2d. If, accidentally, a truth, in contest, should be on your side of the question, there are two ways of managing it—1st. to insult your Antagonist; to glory and triumph in your superiority. The second is more delicate; for, as it is the nature of truth to evince itself, you may be contented with a fine and ingenuous insinuation of your advantage; this will beget a good opinion of your caution and modesty; and will be of infinite service, when you come to, what will often happen, the necessity of asserting a falsehood.

R. 3d. In this you must be bold, peremptory, and overbearing: if you hesitate in a Lie, you are lost. Recollect, that on the ignorant, and it is with those you have mostly to do, Impudence ever passes for a mark of sincerity; and even with the wiser sort, Confidence is every where met half way,

way, while Modesty is received like a poor Relation.

It is not my way, to give myself credit for things which do not belong to me; I therefore acknowledge that I have borrowed the first hint of the maxim here advanced from Mr. Thomas Hobbs of Malmſbury; which I the better remember from the having been mightily taken with an uncommon beauty in the Paſſage, namely, that it is itſelf an example of the thing it would prove—
 “ Impudence in Democratical aſſemblies
 “ does almoſt all that is done: ’tis the God-
 “ deſs of Rhetoric, and carries proof with
 “ it: for what ordinary man will not from
 “ ſo great boldneſs of affirmation conclude,
 “ there is great probability in the thing
 “ affirmed?”

R. 4th. Should a truth make ſtrongly againſt you, you muſt not directly contradict it; but endeavour to explain away its nature: to this end, you muſt give much into forced Metaphors, or vague comparisons; every comparison, like circles from the fall of a pebble into water, ſtill widening
 ing

ing from its center. But, should the poverty of your imagination confine you to the use of simple terms, take care that they be of a loose and uncertain signification; let your words, like the feathers of a pigeon's neck, be of all colours, and therefore of no one. Arguments thus composed are of so exquisite a kind, that I think it proper to distinguish them by a particular name; we may therefore call them *Cangeantes*, or *Changeables*, after those Italian silks, which vary their shades with the different points of view.

R. 5th. With respect to inconsistencies, or Contradictions, though they cannot be supported by argument, they may be eluded by pleasantry: for instance, should you have advanced that America was conquered in Germany, and be pressed by the absurdity of the proposition, you may dryly put a question—Is not a man who loses the sight of one eye supposed to see better with the other? This is miserable reasoning, I confess; but though it cannot produce conviction, it may raise a laugh; and your only way of escaping out of a foolish dilemma, is by
an

an impertinent jest: Let those who can distinguish between the *risible* and the *ridiculous* call you to an account.

I shall now proceed to give you some directions as to your conduct with respect to Persons: and here I must observe to you, in general, that you must meddle as little as possible with Panegyric.—1st. Because it is a topic unpleasing in itself, as most men are hurt by the consequent reflections on their own littleness. 2dly. As the course of your ideas, from the Rules just proposed, must run in a quite different channel, you can therefore have no dependance on those tender and delicate feelings, which alone can sympathise with, or do justice to Virtue: for this reason, you must turn the full flow of your spirits to Satire and Defamation; and exalt your friends by depressing their enemies. The use that may be made of personal disadvantages is too obvious to be insisted on: a hint or two will suffice—thus, you may very well insinuate, that a Man cannot have an upright Heart, who has a stoop in his shoulders; or be well inclined to his Country, if he

turn

turn in his toes. This is natural and Simple. But, the master-strokes consist in converting advantages into Disgraces, and in making those things indications of wickedness or weakness which Nature seems to have intended for marks of Distinction — thus, should the Man whom you would discredit, be comely in his person, and graceful in his carriage, you may suggest, that he owes his advancement to these qualities : hence, by an easy gradation, you have a Right to suppose, that, trusting entirely to these merits, he cannot be possessed of any other* : to support this inference, and it certainly wants it, you must search into ancient and modern history for every example which may be a case in point : And as your parallels may not always be strictly just, you must make up by number what they want in quality. Is it not a first principle in Bills of Attainder, that a number of May-bes amount to a Must-be ? Trust me, this and more will go down with the

* See the *Strictures of the Time on the Character and Administration of Lord Bute.*

Public ; for you may extend to the whole, what the Sage of Malmſbury has affirmed of a part, the City of London, *that it has a great Belly, but no Palate.*

If you can in this manner transform good or ill qualities into what ſhape you pleaſe, you have an unlimited power over things in their nature indifferent. Thus, ſhould the obnoxious Perſon have been born in any one of the extremities of the kingdom, in the North, for inſtance, you have nothing to do but draw a line, the farther North the better, and then appeal to your countrymen, whether any Man from one ſide of that Line can properly have influence or authority on the other : the *Partiality* in this proceeding is nothing to the purpoſe ; ſince you are ſure of being ſupported by all thoſe who can claim any advantage from their *Meridional*ity.

Thus far, O my Pupil, have I led you by the hand : you can now walk alone ; enter boldly on your progreſs ; whilſt I, your Rouſſeau, your Tutor, your Friend, truſt-
ing

ing to the infallibility of my principles, observe in silent pleasure the firmness of your steps, and triumph in the Utility of my political studies.



H Y M N

H Y M N

TO

H E A L T H.

D

“ THERE is among the fragments of the
 “ Greek poets a short Hymn to HEALTH, in
 “ which her power of exalting the happiness
 “ of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune,
 “ and adding enjoyment to possession, is in-
 “ culcated with so much force and beauty,
 “ that no one, at least no one who has ever
 “ languished under the discomforts and infir-
 “ mities of a lingering disease, can read it
 “ without feeling the images dance in his
 “ heart, and adding from his own experience
 “ new vigour to the wish, and, from his own
 “ imagination, *new colours to the picture.*”

Rambler, Vol. II. No. 48.

ἮΓΙΕΙΑ πρεσβύσα Μακάρων,

Μετὰ σὺ ναίοιμι

Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς.

Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἶης.

Ἐἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλεῖτε χάρις ἢ τεκέων,

Τᾶς εὐδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις

Βασιλίδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,

Οὐς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν,

Ἢ εἰ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποις τέρψις,

Ἦ πόνων ἀμπροᾶ πέφανται·

Μετὰ σεῖο μάκαιρα Ἦγίεια,

Τεθῆλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἕαρ·

Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς, ἀδελφὲς εὐδαίμων πέλει.

FOR

FOR this Hymn, such as it is, we are indebted to the industry of Athenæus, a Compiler, who had the Gift of remembering all that others forgot. How far this poem may be entitled to the praise bestowed upon it by Johnson, the English Reader will be enabled to judge from the following translation: should it set the images the Doctor speaks of *a-dancing in his heart*, he must be of a livelier complexion than I am.

“HEALTH, *most venerable* of the
 “ Powers of Heaven ! with thee may the re-
 “ maining part of my life be spent ! nor do
 “ thou refuse to cohabit with me. For what-
 “ ever is of *beauty or of pleasure* in Wealth,
 “ in *Descendants*, in sovereign Command, the
 “ highest *summit* of human enjoyment ; or in
 “ those objects of Desire which we *endeavour*
 “ to chace into the toils of Love ; whatever
 “ Delight, or whatever solace is afforded by
 “ the Celestials for the relief of the fatigues
 “ of Man ; in thy presence, thou Parent of
 “ happiness, *Joys spread out* and flourish ; in
 “ thy presence blooms the Spring of Plea-
 “ sure, and without thee no man is blest.”

Rambler, No. 48.

Πρεσβυσα Μακάριον—*Most blest among the blessed.*—Let it be a pre-eminence of any kind, to the exclusion of *most venerable*—ill suiting a Goddess, who claims with Venus such an Address as this—

——“Hominum Divûmque Voluptas,
“Alma”——

——“*Delight of Heav’n and Earth,*
“*Loveliest*”——

Had Johnson united to his powerful understanding and extensive erudition, a true Taste, he had been the Aristotle of the moderns. Nature has drawn a broad line between Taste and Judgment; and seems to delight in bestowing these advantages with a capricious hand—*sevo cum joco*—Did not Locke prefer Blackmore to Milton; and was not Florus, the greatest Coxcomb among Writers, the favourite with Montesquieu?

The images, or, rather the circumstances, in the Poem before us are crowded on one another without taste or distinction; some unnecessarily repeated, others obscurely expressed. Why then, it will be asked, have you chosen it for the object of your imitation? I answer, the Outline pleased me, though the Finishing did not: in short, I thought I could improve it.

H Y M N

T O

H E A L T H.

FIRST-born of Heaven! for without thee,
 Bless'd Health, the Gods themselves
 would be

Oppress'd by Immortality.

Come then, thou best of blessings! come,
 And make my humble roof thy home ;

Propitious come, and shed a ray
 Of gladness on my setting Day.

For if there be in wealth a charm,

If joys the Parent's bosom warm,

Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis giv'n

To perfect ev'ry boon of Heav'n.

If Diadems the fancy please,

Thy hand must make them sit with ease :

Lost without thee were Cupid's wiles,

And Venus owes thee half her smiles.

D 3

Whate'er

Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
Thou giv'st th' enjoyment, or the cure;
Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,
Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;
All wishes meet in thee alone,
For Happiness and Health are one.



T O

M I R A,

O N H E R

W E D D I N G - D A Y.

ASSUME, my Verse, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation stand,
Canst thou not paint the willing heart
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Canst thou not summon from the sky
Soft Venus and her milk-white Doves?
Mark—in an easy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unsever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;
Look not, thou Sweetness, thus forlorn;
She smiles—and now such tints appear
As steal upon the silver morn.

D 4

Quick,

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead;
 Cupid, thy victory pursue:
 In blushes rose the conscious Maid;
 Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.

Well may the Lover fondly gaze
 On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,
 Impatient of the calmer praise
 Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to thy latest hour,
 These only shall, secure thy bliss:
 When the pale lip hath lost its power,
 These shall give nectar to the kiss.



MISS A. to MISS D.

HOW I pity the Vulgar, shut out from the
Ton,

Who can write and converse in no tongue but
their own!

By the *Ton*, I mean those, who, *comme vous et moi,*

Ont un gout décidé pour le Je ne sçai quoi;

Cet objet fuyant, cette delicateffe,

Which our barbarous language wants th' art
to express.

Our language, I hate it, admits no suspense,

Sans detour, et sans grace, goes direct to the
Sense;

But the French, *au contraire,* is so happily
wrought,

That we're charm'd with the Phrase, while we
doubt of the Thought:

I have read, and it well may be so, that we meet

In each Language the stamp of the national wit;

So that Gallic, or Gothic, to follow this plan,

Will apply just alike to the Phrase and the Man.

It

It is pleasant enough—did I say? 'tis divine—
To see John in his Airs, when he wishes to
shine :

He advances, he bows—how he points out a leg,
With his head as erect as if fix'd on a peg ;
Now the Compliment—O ! so embarrass'd, so
queer,

Whilst he doubts how to praise, 't has th' effect
of a sneer.

Not so—*le Galant élevé à Paris,*

De bon air, dégagé, par les Graces conduit—

He approaches, secure in the power to please,
All he says, all he does, says and does with
such ease,

Though perhaps he thinks more of himself
than of you,

His expression's so neat, and the manner so
new,

That your heart, quite content with the joy it
receives,

Est d'accord he should share in the pleasure he
gives.

But, *le bon sens Anglois* is distinctive—what
stuff!

On se joue poliment de l'esprit philosophe :

They

They who grant it to us know 'tis nothing but
phlegm,

And are very well pleas'd we deny it to them.

Of th' extremes, I declare for a French *Etourdi*,

Il est fou, dira-t-on—Il m'amuse—suffit ;

What a spirited Rattle! *il est toujours dans l'air ;*

'Tis the flight of a swallow—up, down, here
and there—

Now he skims o'er the surface, now dips at a
fly,

Now he wings him aloft, and is lost in the sky.

To conclude, for I see we shall never have done,

Should I suffer my Muse at her pleasure to
run—

—*Mais, belas, ma chere D, I've a thing to dis-
close :*

Though I dote on this language, can speak it,
compose,

Yet I never could get the right twang through
the nose.

In the hope that at last I may bring this to pass,

*Pour l'amour du Francois, souffre que Je t'em-
brasse.*

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

LET me beg you to quit, in your answer to
mine,
Our heroic, of syllables ten to a line.
For the French, as you know, employ twelve—
Do but try,
And you'll find that you'll write them as freely
as I.
What will please you, this Verse comes as easy
as prose,
And the Thought of itself finds a chime in the
close ;
And 'tis much to my taste that the Rhyme
should appear
The result of the Sense, not the choice of the
Ear—
But, however you write, or whatever you do,
Be assur'd, my sweet Friend, *que je suis toute*
à vous.



O N A

R E D - B R E A S T

WORKED IN EMBROIDERY BY A LADY.

HE lives—he's almost on the wing
To meet his absent Wife*:
Or, is it that he means to sing
The Hand that gave him life?

*On sending the above to an ingenious Friend, the
following was returned:*

'TIS life: he's almost on the wing
To meet his absent Mate——
Or, means he to the Fair to sing,
Who thus could life create?

*In presenting this amendment to my Reader,
I do but imitate the candor that proposed it
to me—*

“ Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter
“ amorem.”

* Uxorem.—PLINY.





S T R I C T U R E S
O N
F L O R U S.

I HAVE been called to account for having said that Florus was a coxcomb; and challenged in form to make good my assertion. I have no patience with a writer, whose aim throughout is to draw the attention of his Reader to himself, not to his subject—"Fy de l'eloquence," says the sensible Montaigne, "qui nous laisse envie de soi, non des choses."—It will be objected, that this is the case, more or less, with every Writer who values himself on his style; true, *more or less*; but it is the degree

degree and the manner that make the coxcomb.

When an author lays the foundation of his Work in a conceit, he gives early notice of what is to follow.

“ Si quis Populum Romanum quasi
 “ hominem consideret, totamque ejus
 “ ætatem percenseat, ut cœperit, atque
 “ adoleverit, ut quasi ad quendam ju-
 “ ventæ florem pervenerit, ut postea ve-
 “ lut consenuerit, quatuor gradus, pro-
 “ cessusque ejus inveniet. Prima ætas
 “ sub Regibus fuit, prope ducentos quin-
 “ quaginta per annos, quibus circum ip-
 “ sam matrem suam cum finitimis lucta-
 “ tus est. Hæc erit ejus Infantia. Se-
 “ quens a Bruto, Collatinoque Consulibus
 “ in Appium Claudium, Quinctum Ful-
 “ vium Consules, ducentos annos patet:
 “ quibus Italiam subegit. Hoc fuit tem-
 “ pus viris armisque incitatissimum : ideo
 “ quis adolescentiam dixerit. Dehinc ad
 “ Cæsarem Augustum ducenti quinquaginta
 “ anni, quibus totum orbem pacavit.

“ vit. Hic jam ipsa Juventa imperii et
 “ quasi quædam robusta maturitas, a
 “ Cæsare Augusto in sæculum nostrum
 “ haud multo minus anni ducenti : qui-
 “ bus inertia Cæsarum quasi consenuit at-
 “ que decoxit.”

Næ iste magno conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

The religious and military institutions of the Romans were the nerves of their government, and the origin of their greatness : these took place under the second and third of their Kings : the greatest extension of the Empire, to the age of our Historian, was under Trajan ; so that this fantastical Personage was most wise in the cradle, and most vigorous in old age. If the personification be transferred from the state of the Republic to the national character of the People, their true greatness, the distinction between the *Adolescentia* and *Juventa*, their Boyhood and Manhood, will be found equally unhappy. The Virtues of the Romans were as *full grown* in their war with Pyrrhus, as

E

in

in that with Hannibal : our Author admits it—

“ Hoc fuit tempus *Viris* armisque in-
 “ citatiffimum, *ideo* quis *Adblefcentiam*
 “ *dixerit ?* ”

Good—Florus was too much of a Gentleman to give into the pedantry of Logic ; however, was it not carrying matters a little too far, to make the premifes and the inference overfet each other ?

On the burning of ROME by the GAULS.

“ Agere gratias Diis immortalibus,
 “ ipfo tantæ cladis nomine libet. Paf-
 “ torum cafas ignis ille, et *flamma* pau-
 “ pertatem Romuli *abfcondit.* ”

A fingular Benefaction ! to burn the houfe over my head, that I may be under the neceffity of building a better—But he has not done with it yet—

“ Incendium illud quid egit aliud, nifi
 “ ut deftinata hominum ac Deorum do-
 “ micilio

“ micilio Civitas, non deleta nec obruta,
 “ sed expiata potius, sed lustrata vide-
 “ atur.”

Courage, Florus! the fire shall be any thing you please, after having made it a *feu de joye*—Yet, that Poverty should be a crime, to stand in need of expiation, is new in morals: it may be the choice of innocence, or the result of integrity; in either case, the worst that can be said of it is, that it is a shabby sort of virtue.

In a certain battle, Castor and Pollux had been seen fighting on the side of the Romans.

“ Itaque et Imperator veneratus est,
 “ pactusque victoriam templa promisit:
 “ et reddidit quasi commilitonibus Deis
 “ stipendium.”

That the General should worship and affront his Gods in a breath, seems rather inconsistent with the simplicity of those times: add to this, that the Brothers were too well versed in military etiquette to accept of pay,

when they were but Volunteers : so far from it, they did not so much as wait to be thanked.

“ Bellum Gallicum—Ea certa fuit vis
 “ calamitatis, ut in experimentum illa-
 “ tam putem divinitus, scire volentibus
 “ immortalibus Diis, an Romana virtus
 “ imperium orbis mereretur.”

Instead of risking an experiment, which, *for aught they knew*, might prove fatal to the Party they favored, the immortal Gods had done better to have considered, that, with a little patience on their part, the Thing they so much desired to know, must in due time discover itself. What a passion this Heathen had for drawing his Gods into scrapes ! I much suspect that he played them false : it is well known, that his* Cousin Seneca corresponded with St. Paul.

* Annæus Florus—ex ipsa Senecarum gente—

LIPSIUS.

On

On the perpetual Wars of the ROMANS.

“ Deo quodam assidue incitante, ne
 “ rubiginem arma sentirent.”

Epicurus made his Deities a set of idlers. Florus was not of his sect: he never leaves his Gods a moment to themselves: he has them always at his elbow, and assigns them their several occupations, from the Commander in Chief, to the Drill Serjeant.

“ Romana Classis prompta, levis, expedita, et quodam genere castrensis, ad similitudinem pugnae equestris, sic remis, quasi habenis agebatur, et in hos vel in illos mobilia rostra, Speciem ventium præferebant.”

——*classique immittit habenas.*

With what an unhappy diligence has our Author realised an ill-fancied metaphor! In a rapid succession of thoughts, the finest imagination may snatch a false one: but a studied frivolity, a pains-taking Coxcomb is beyond all sufferance.

Of the Battle of TREBIA.

“ Tunc callidissimi hostes frigidum et
 “ nivalem nacti diem, quum se ignibus
 “ prius, oleoque fovissent, *horribile dictu*,
 “ homines a meridie, et sole venientes,
 “ nostra nos hieme vicerunt.”

Livy struck out the apology, but missed the conceit; Florus often comes upon him in this way: in the *horribile dictu* of this passage, we have the origin of the Spavento of the Italians; a figure of speech which our Author has ever at hand, when he wishes to swell a trifle into a wonder. He has many of these devices; flourishes, to pre-engage the attention of his Reader; or tricks of self-applause, like the Saute Marquis of Moliere's Petit Maitre.

“ Isti quum Manlii castra cepissent,
 “ opimæque prædæ incubarent, epulan-
 “ tes ac ludibundos plenosque ac ubi
 “ essent præ poculis nescientes, Appius
 “ Pulcher invadit. Sic cum sanguine et
 “ spiritu

“ spiritu male partam victoriam *rev-*
“ *nuere.*”

This is not the usual style of our Author: his images, to do them justice, are rather finical than filthy.

A Roman officer, to avoid falling alive into the hands of the enemy, killed himself.

“ Ne in potestatem veniret, a gladio
“ suo *impetravit.*”

A favour never denied, when the suitor will have it so.

Of the Battle of ACTIUM.

“ Nobis quadringentæ amplius naves;
“ ducentæ non minus hostium: sed nu-
“ merum magnitudo pensabat; quippe a
“ fenis in novenos remorum ordinibus:
“ ad hoc turribus, atque tabulatis eleva-
“ tæ, castellorum et urbium specie, non
“ sine *gemitu* maris et *labore* ventorum
“ ferebantur.”

It is not in style that the sea should groan, in Prose: As to the winds, if the labour was

too much for them, they might have left it to the rowers, who had nothing else to do.

“ Bellum Cæsaris et Pompeii—Non
 “ recte tantum civile dicatur, ac ne fo-
 “ ciale quidem, sed nec externum, sed
 “ potius commune quoddam ex omni-
 “ bus, et plusquam bellum.”

How this should be a description of war, I know not; but it will serve as a Model for the description of a Pudden—It is not a raisin, it is not a fuet, it is not a flour—pudden; *sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus.* I stop short at the circumstance of the *plusquam bellum*, because the nature of my subject is so easily understood, that I should never make it any thing *more* than a pudden.

*On the Progress of the ROMAN Arms
 in SPAIN.*

“ Peragrato Victor Oceani littore,
 “ non prius signa convertit quam eaden-
 “ tem in maria solem obrutumque aquis
 “ ignem

“ ighem non sine sacrilegio quodam me-
“ tu et horrore deprehendit.”

This ignorance had not reached to the age of our Historian : he adopted the absurdity, for the sake of the wonder ; it was his passion. But it may be that I wrong him, and accuse him of knowledge to which he was a stranger. His admirers have the alternative before them.

“ Sic citerior Hispania recepta est ;
“ nec ulterior moram fecit. Quid enim
“ una post quinque legiones ?”

Not much—the odds were too great, of five to one—A pleasant way this, of writing history.

“ Nam quum diu æquo Marte conten-
“ derent, jussuque Pompeii fusus a cor-
“ nu erupisset equitatus, repente hinc sig-
“ no dato, Germanorum cohortes tantum
“ in effusos equites fecere impetum, ut
“ illi esse pedites, hi venire in equis vide-
“ rentur.”

*That the cavalry seemed to be infantry, and
the infantry to be cavalry—A notable de-
scription*

scription of a battle, and, to mend the matter, of the battle of Pharsalia. In this instance, as throughout his work, the brevity of this writer consists in the omission of parts necessary to the understanding of the whole.

Of the ROMAN Invasion of ASIA.

“Ad hoc cœlestes minæ territabant,
 “quum humore continuo Cumanus
 “Apollo fudaret. *Sed hic faventis Asiæ*
 “suæ numinis *timor erat.*”

Florus is rather pert with the God of Wit. I do not wonder, that they were not on terms.

“Et Mithridates quidem illa nocte de-
 “bellatus est; nihil enim postea valuit,
 “quanquam omnia expertus, more an-
 “guum, qui, obtrito capite, postremum
 “cauda minantur.”

Alas, Mithridates! those noble efforts of an expiring greatness, a catastrophe that rivals the death of Cato, deserved not to be disgraced by such a comparison. Yet, it
 was

was not Malice, it is his way: his similes do not illustrate, they annihilate his subject: he surprises, not by exalting, but playing tricks with our conceptions.

Here I close my charge, depending not so much on the number as quality of the proofs. There is a something in the nature of affectation, which lays open the character at the first view, and makes a single impression equivalent to a series. The multiplication of proofs is but throwing the Coxcomb into different attitudes: we have had enough of these. Yet, a word or two more, by way of farewell.

As the place of our Author's birth, notwithstanding its importance, has not yet been ascertained, it is open to conjecture: it is supposed by some that he was a Spaniard—Why pass the Pyrennees? If to be *serious on trifles*, and *trifling on what is serious*, be the characteristic of any one, I should not scruple to assign that *Country* to Florus. The admired Brevity of this writer is in him, as in others who most affect this distinction, a
Manner:

Manner: it is not an adequate conciseness prescribed by the subject; it is a forced abbreviation imposed on the subject. As to his little jewels of sentences, *sententiarum gemmulae*, as Lipsius fondly calls them, they are absolute *Clinquant*: nay, what is the entire work, but a leaf of tinsel on the tissue of Livy? Blow it away; it serves but to hide what cannot be adorned.

F I N I S.

FRAGMENTS

OF

ANCIENT POETRY,

Collected in the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND,

AND

Translated from the GALIC or ERSE Language.

The SECOND EDITION.

*Vos quoque qui fortes animas, belloque peremptas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardæ.*

LUCAN.

EDINBURGH

Printed for G. HAMILTON and J. BALFOUR.

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IN this edition some passages will be found altered from the former. The alterations are drawn from more complete copies the translator had obtained of the originals, since the former publication. One entire poem is also added ; which stands N^o XIII. in this edition. It may be proper to inform the public, that measures are now taken for making a more full collection of the remaining works of the ancient Scottish Bards ; in particular for recovering and translating the heroic poem mentioned in the preface.



P R E F A C E.

THE public may depend on the following fragments as genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry. The date of their composition cannot be exactly ascertained. Tradition, in the country where they were written, refers them to an æra of the most remote antiquity: and this tradition is supported by the spirit and strain of the poems themselves; which abound with those ideas, and paint those manners, that belong to the most early state of society. The diction too, in the original, is very obsolete; and differs widely from the style of such poems as have been written in the same language two or three centuries ago. They were certainly composed before the establishments

ment of clanship in the northern part of Scotland, which is itself very ancient ; for had clans been then formed and known, they must have made a considerable figure in the work of a Highland Bard ; whereas there is not the least mention of them in these poems. It is remarkable that there are found in them no allusions to the Christian religion or worship ; indeed, few traces of religion of any kind. One circumstance seems to prove them to be coeval with the very infancy of Christianity in Scotland. In a fragment of the same poems, which the translator has seen, a Culdee or Monk is represented as desirous to take down in writing from the mouth of Ofcian, who is the principal personage in several of the following fragments, his warlike achievements and those of his family. But Ofcian treats the Monk and his religion with disdain, telling him, that the deeds of such great
men

men were subjects too high to be recorded by him, or by any of his religion: A full proof that Christianity was not as yet established in the country.

Though the poems now published appear as detached pieces in this collection, there is ground to believe that most of them were originally episodes of a greater work which related to the wars of Fingal. Concerning this hero innumerable traditions remain, to this day, in the Highlands of Scotland. The story of Ofcian, his son, is so generally known, that to describe one in whom the race of a great family ends, it has passed into a proverb; "Ofcian the last of the heroes."

There can be no doubt that these poems are to be ascribed to the Bards; a race of men well known to have continued throughout many ages in Ireland
and

and the north of Scotland. Every chief or great man had in his family a Bard or poet, whose office it was to record in verse, the illustrious actions of that family. By the succession of these Bards, such poems were handed down from race to race ; some in manuscript, but more by oral tradition. And tradition, in a country so free of intermixture with foreigners, and among a people so strongly attached to the memory of their ancestors, has preserved many of them in a great measure incorrupted to this day.

They are not set to music, nor sung. The versification in the original is simple ; and to such as understand the language, very smooth and beautiful. Rhyme is seldom used : but the cadence, and the length of the line varied, so as to suit the sense. The translation is extremely literal. Even the arrangement of the words in the original has been imitated ;

imitated; to which must be imputed some inversions in the style, that otherwise would not have been chosen.

Of the poetical merit of these fragments nothing shall here be said. Let the public judge, and pronounce. It is believed, that, by a careful inquiry, many more remains of ancient genius, no less valuable than those now given to the world, might be found in the same country where these have been collected. In particular there is reason to hope that one work of considerable length, and which deserves to be styled an heroic poem, might be recovered and translated, if encouragement were given to such an undertaking. The subject is, an invasion of Ireland by Swarthan King of Lochlyn; which is the name of Denmark in the Erse language. Cuchulaid, the General or Chief of the Irish tribes, upon intelligence of
the

the invasion, assembles his forces; councils are held; and battles fought. But after several unsuccessful engagements, the Irish are forced to submit. At length, Fingal King of Scotland, called in this poem, "The Desert of the hills," arrives with his ships to assist Cuchulaid. He expels the Danes from the country; and returns home victorious. This poem is held to be of greater antiquity than any of the rest that are preserved: And the author speaks of himself as present in the expedition of Fingal. The three last poems in the collection are fragments which the translator obtained of this Epic poem; and tho' very imperfect, they were judged not unworthy of being inserted. If the whole were recovered, it might serve to throw considerable light upon the Scottish and Irish antiquities.

F R A G-

FRAGMENT

I.

SHILRIC, VINVELA.

VINVELA.

MY love is a son of the hill.
He pursues the flying deer.
His gray dogs are panting
around him; his bow-string sounds in
the wind. Whether by the fount of
the rock, or by the stream of the moun-
tain thou liest; when the rushes are
nodding with the wind, and the mist
is flying over thee, let me approach my
love unperceived, and see him from the
rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the
aged oak of Branno; thou wert re-
turning tall from the chace; the fairest
among thy friends.

B

SHILRIC.

SHILRIC.

WHAT voice is that I hear? that voice like the summer-wind.—— I sit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvëla, afar I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair-moving by the stream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the western wave.

VINVELA.

THEN thou art gone, O Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are seen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the rustling tree. The hunter is far removed;
he

he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric.

SHILRIC.

If fall I must in the field, raise high my grave, Vinvela. Grey stones, and heaped-up earth, shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "Some warrior rests here," he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

Yes!—I will remember thee—indeed my Shilric will fall. What shall I do, my love! when thou art gone for ever? Through these hills I will go at noon: I will go through the silent heath.
There

as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer-storm, comest thou lovely maid over rocks, over mountains to me? —She speaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool. Hark!

RETURNEST thou safe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!

YES, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more: their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill? why on the heath, alone?

ALONE I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

SHE

SHE fleets, she fails away; as grey
mist before the wind! —and, wilt thou
not stay, my love? Stay and behold
my tears? fair thou appearest, my love!
fair thou wast, when alive!

By the mossy fountain I will sit; on
the top of the hill of winds. When
mid-day is silent around, converse, O
my love, with me! come on the wings
of the gale! on the blast of the moun-
tain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as
thou passest, when mid-day is silent a-
round.

III.

EVENING is grey on the hills. The north wind resounds through the woods. White clouds rise on the sky: the thin-wavering snow descends. The river howls afar, along its winding course. Sad, by a hollow rock, the grey-hair'd Carryl sat. Dry fern waves over his head; his seat is in an aged birch. Clear to the roaring winds he lifts his voice of woe.

TOSSED on the wavy ocean is He, the hope of the isles; Malcolm, the support of the poor; foe to the proud in arms! Why hast thou left us behind? why live we to mourn thy fate? We might have heard, with thee, the voice of the deep; have seen the oozy rock.

SAD on the sea-beat shore thy spouse looketh for thy return. The time of
thy

thy promise is come; the night is gathering around. But no white sail is on the sea; no voice but the blustering winds. Low is the foul of the war! Wet are the locks of youth! By the foot of some rock thou liest; washed by the waves as they come. Why, ye winds, did ye bear him on the desert rock? Why, ye waves, did ye roll over him?

BUT, Oh! what voice is that? Who rides on that meteor of fire! Green are his airy limbs. It is he! it is the ghost of Malcolm!—Rest, lovely soul, rest on the rock; and let me hear thy voice—He is gone, like a dream of the night. I see him through the trees. Daughter of Reynold! he is gone. Thy spouse shall return no more. No more shall his hounds come from the hill, forerunners of their master. No more from the distant rock shall his
C voice

voice greet thine ear. Silent is he in
the deep, unhappy daughter of Rey-
nold!

I will sit by the stream of the plain.
Ye rocks! hang over my head. Hear
my voice, ye trees! as ye bend on the
shaggy hill. My voice shall preserve
the praise of him, the hope of the
isles.

IV.

CONNAL, CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

WHO cometh from the hill, like
a cloud tinged with the beam
of the west? Whose voice is that, loud
as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of
Carryl? It is my love in the light of
steel; but sad is his darkened brow.
Live the mighty race of Fingal? or
what disturbs my Connal?

CONNAL.

THEY live. I saw them return from
the chace, like a stream of light. The
sun was on their shields: Like a ridge
of fire they descended the hill. Loud
is

is the voice of the youth ; the war,
my love, is near. To-morrow the
enormous Dargo comes to try the force
of our race. The race of Fingal he
defies ; the race of battle and wounds.

CRIMORA.

CONNAL, I saw his sails like grey
mist on the fable wave. They slowly
came to land. Connal, many are the
warriors of Dargo!

CONNAL.

BRING me thy father's shield ; the
iron shield of Rinval ; that shield like
the full moon when it is darkened in
the sky.

CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

THAT shield I bring, O Connal;
but it did not defend my father. By
the spear of Gauror he fell. Thou
mayst fall, O Connal!

CONNAL.

FALL indeed I may: But raise my
tomb, Crimora. Some stones, a mound
of earth, shall keep my memory.
Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and
beat thy breast of sighs. Though fair
thou art, my love, as the light; more
pleasant than the gale of the hill; yet I
will not stay. Raise my tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

THEN give me those arms of light;
that sword, and that spear of steel. I
shall

shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my
lovely Connal. Farewell, ye rocks of
Ardven! ye deer! and ye streams of
the hill!—We shall return no more.
Our tombs are distant far.

V.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains;
 grey mist rests on the hills. The
 whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark
 rolls the river thro' the narrow plain.
 A tree stands alone on the hill, and
 marks the grave of Connal. The
 leaves whirl round with the wind, and
 strew the grave of the dead. At times
 are seen here the ghosts of the deceased,
 when the musing hunter alone stalks
 slowly over the heath. Appear in thy
 armour of light, thou ghost of the
 mighty Connal! Shine, near thy tomb,
 Crimora! like a moon-beam from a
 cloud.

WHO can reach the source of thy
 race, O Connal? and who recount thy
 Fathers? Thy family grew like an oak
 on the mountain, which meeteth the
 wind

wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who shall supply the place of Connal?

HERE was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword, a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, when thou confoundedst the field. Warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

DARGO the mighty came on, like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

THE

THE daughter of Rinval was near;
 Crimora, bright in the armour of man;
 her hair loose behind, her bow in her
 hand. She followed the youth to the
 war, Connal her much-beloved. She
 drew the string on Dargo; but erring
 pierced her Connal. He falls like an
 oak on the plain; like a rock from the
 shaggy hill. What shall she do, hap-
 less maid! He bleeds; her Connal
 dies. All the night long she cries, and
 all the day, O Connal, my love, and my
 friend! With grief the sad mourner
 died.

EARTH here incloseth the loveliest
 pair on the hill. The grass grows be-
 tween the stones of their tomb; I sit in
 the mournful shade. The wind sighs
 through the grass; and their memory
 rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you
 now sleep together; in the tomb of
 the mountain you rest alone.

VI.

SON of the noble Fingal, Ofcian,
 Prince of men! what tears run down
 the cheeks of age? what shades thy
 mighty soul?

MEMORY, son of Alpin, memory
 wounds the aged. Of former times are
 my thoughts; my thoughts are of the
 noble Fingal. The race of the king
 return into my mind, and wound me
 with remembrance.

ONE day, returned from the sport of
 the mountains, from pursuing the sons
 of the hill, we covered this heath with
 our youth. Fingal the mighty was
 here, and Ofcir, my son, great in war.
 Fair on our sight from the sea, at once,
 a virgin came. Her breast was like
 the snow of one night. Her cheek like
 the

the bud of the rose. Mild was her blue rolling eye: but sorrow was big in her heart.

FINGAL renowned in war! she cries, sons of the king, preserve me! Speak secure, replies the king, daughter of beauty, speak: our ear is open to all: our swords redress the injured. I fly from Ullin, she cries, from Ullin famous in war. I fly from the embrace of him who would debase my blood. Cremor, the friend of men, was my father; Cremor the Prince of Inverne.

FINGAL's younger sons arose; Carryl expert in the bow; Fillan beloved of the fair; and Fergus first in the race. —Who from the farthest Lochlyn? who to the seas of Molochasquir? who dares hurt the maid whom the sons of Fingal guard? Daughter of beauty, rest

secure; rest in peace, thou fairest of women.

FAR in the blue distance of the deep, some spot appeared like the back of the ridge-wave. But soon the ship increased on our sight. The hand of Ullin drew her to land. The mountains trembled as he moved. The hills shook at his steps. Dire rattled his armour around him. Death and destruction were in his eyes. His stature like the oak of Morven. He moved in the lightning of steel.

OUR warriors fell before him, like the field before the reapers. Fingal's three sons he bound. He plunged his sword into the fair-one's breast. She fell as a wreath of snow before the sun in spring. Her bosom heaved in death; her soul came forth in blood.

OSCUR my son came down; the mighty in battle descended. His armour rattled as thunder; and the lightning of his eyes was terrible. There, was the clashing of swords; there, was the voice of steel. They struck and they thrust; they digged for death with their swords. But death was distant far, and delayed to come. The sun began to decline; and the cow-herd thought of home. Then Oscur's keen steel found the heart of Ullin. He fell like a mountain-oak covered over with glistering frost: He shone like a rock on the plain.—Here the daughter of beauty lieth; and here the bravest of men. Here one day ended the fair and the valiant. Here rest the pursuer and the pursued.

SON of Alpin! the woes of the aged are many: their tears are for the past. This raised my sorrow, warrior; me-
mory

mory awaked my grief. Oſcur my
ſon was brave; but Oſcur is now no
more. Thou haſt heard my grief, O
ſon of Alpin; forgive the tears of the
aged.

VII.

WHY openest thou afresh the spring
 of my grief, O son of Alpin,
 inquiring how Oſcur fell? My eyes are
 blind with tears; but memory beams
 on my heart. How can I relate the
 mournful death of the head of the
 people! Prince of the warriors, Oſcur,
 my ſon, ſhall I ſee thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a ſtorm; as
 the ſun from the miſt of his courſe,
 when clouds riſe from the waſte of the
 waves, when the blackneſs of the ſtorm
 inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I,
 like an ancient oak on Morven, I moul-
 der alone in my place. The blaſt hath
 lopped my branches away; and I
 tremble at the wings of the north.
 Prince of the warriors, Oſcur, my ſon!
 ſhall I ſee thee no more!

DERMID

DERMID and Oscur were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was a match for Oscur, but Dermid? and who for Dermid, but Oscur!

THEY killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo before invincible. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower: her breath, the gale of spring: her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her, and loved; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her, as his fame; each must possess her or die. But her
soul

foul was fixed on Oſcur; my ſon was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that flew him.

SON of Oſcian, ſaid Dermid, I love ;
O Oſcur, I love this maid. But her
foul cleaveth unto thee ; and nothing
can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this
boſom, Oſcur ; relieve me, my friend,
with thy ſword.

My ſword, ſon of Mornny, ſhall
never be ſtained with the blood of
Dermid.

WHO then is worthy to ſlay me, O
Oſcur ſon of Oſcian? Let not my life
paſs away unknown. Let none but
Oſcur ſlay me. Send me with honour
to the grave, and let my death be re-
nowned.

E

DERMID,

DERMID, make use of thy sword;
son of Mornny, wield thy steel. Would
that I fell with thee! that my death
came from the hand of Dermid!

THEY fought by the brook of the
mountain, by the streams of Branno.
Blood tinged the silvery stream, and
crudled round the mossy stones. Der-
mid the graceful fell; fell, and smiled
in death.

AND fallest thou, son of Mornny;
fallest thou by Ofcur's hand! Dermid
invincible in war, thus do I see thee fall!
—He went, and returned to the maid
whom he loved; returned, but she per-
ceived his grief.

WHY that gloom, son of Ofcian?
what shades thy mighty soul?

THOUGH once renowned for the bow,
O

O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed
on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the
shield of Gormur the brave, whom in
battle I flew. I have wasted the day
in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

LET me try, son of Ofcian, the skill
of Dargo's daughter. My hands were
taught the bow: my father delighted
in my skill.

SHE went. He stood behind the
shield. Her arrow flew and pierced his
breast*.

* Nothing was held by the ancient Highlanders more essential to their glory, than to die by the hand of some person worthy or renowned. This was the occasion of Ofcun's contriving to be slain by his mistress, now that he was weary of life. In those early times, suicide was utterly unknown among that people, and no traces of it are found in the old poetry. Whence the translator suspects the account that follows of the daughter of Dargo killing herself, to be the interpolation of some later Bard.

BLESSED be that hand of snow ;
 and blessed thy bow of yew ! I fall re-
 solved on death : and who but the
 daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay
 me ? Lay me in the earth, my fair-one ;
 lay me by the side of Dermid.

OSCUR ! I have the blood, the soul
 of the mighty Dargo. Well pleased I
 can meet death. My sorrow I can end
 thus.—She pierced her white bosom
 with steel. She fell ; she trembled ;
 and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves
 are laid ; a birch's unequal shade covers
 their tomb. Often on their green
 earthen tombs the branchy sons of the
 mountain feed, when mid-day is all in
 flames, and silence is over all the hills.

VIII.

BY the side of a rock on the hill, beneath the aged trees, old Ofcian sat on the moss; the last of the race of Fingal. Sightless are his aged eyes; his beard is waving in the wind. Dull through the leafless trees he heard the voice of the north. Sorrow revived in his soul: he began and lamented the dead.

How hast thou fallen like an oak, with all thy branches round thee! Where is Fingal the King? where is Ofsur my son? where are all my race? Alas! in the earth they lie. I feel their tombs with my hands. I hear the river below murmuring hoarsely over the stones. What dost thou, O river, to me? Thou bringest back the memory of the past.

THE

THE race of Fingal stood on thy banks, like a wood in a fertile soil. Keen were their spears of steel. Hardy was he who dared to encounter their rage. Fillan the great was there. Thou Oscur wert there, my son! Fingal himself was there, strong in the grey locks of years. Full rose his sinewy limbs; and wide his shoulders spread. The unhappy met with his arm, when the pride of his wrath arose.

THE son of Morny came; Gaul, the tallest of men. He stood on the hill like an oak; his voice was like the streams of the hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, the son of the mighty Corval? Fingal is not strong to save: he is no support for the people. I am strong as a storm in the ocean; as a whirlwind on the hill. Yield, son of Corval; Fingal, yield to me. He
came

came like a rock from the hill, resounding in his arms.

OSCUR stood forth to meet him ; my son would meet the foe. But Fingal came in his strength, and smiled at the vaunter's boast. They threw their arms round each other ; they struggled on the plain. The earth is ploughed with their heels. Their bones crack as the boat on the ocean, when it leaps from wave to wave. Long did they toil ; with night, they fell on the sounding plain ; as two oaks, with their branches mingled, fall crashing from the hill. The tall son of Mornay is bound ; the aged overcame.

FAIR with her locks of gold, her smooth neck, and her breasts of snow ; fair, as the spirits of the hill when at silent noon they glide along the heath ; fair, as the rain-bow of heaven ; came Minvane the maid. Fingal ! she softly
faith,

faith, loose me my brother Gaul.
 Loose me the hope of my race, the
 terror of all but Eingal. Can I, replies
 the King, can I deny the lovely daugh-
 ter of the hill? Take thy brother, O
 Minvane, thou fairer than the snow of
 the north!

SUCH, Fingal! were thy words ;
 but thy words I hear no more. Sight-
 less I sit by thy tomb. I hear the wind
 in the wood ; but no more I hear my
 friends. The cry of the hunter is over.
 The voice of war is ceased.

IX.

THOU askest, fair daughter of the isles ! whose memory is preserved in these tombs ? The memory of Ronnan the bold, and Connan the chief of men ; and of her, the fairest of maids, Rivine the lovely and the good. The wing of time is laden with care. Every moment hath woes of its own. Why seek we our grief from afar ? or give our tears to those of other times ? But thou commandest, and I obey, O fair daughter of the isles !

CONAR was mighty in war. Caul was the friend of strangers. His gates were open to all ; midnight darkened not on his barred door. Both lived upon the sons of the mountains. Their bow was the support of the poor.

F

CONNAN

CONNAN was the image of Conar's soul. Caul was renewed in Ronnan his son. Rivine the daughter of Conar was the love of Ronnan; her brother Connan was his friend. She was fair as the harvest-moon setting in the seas of Molochasquir. Her soul was settled on Ronnan; the youth was the dream of her nights.

RIVINE, my love! says Ronnan, I go to my king in Norway*. A year and a day shall bring me back. Wilt thou be true to Ronnan?

RONNAN! a year and a day I will spend in sorrow. Ronnan, behave like a man, and my soul shall exult in thy valour. Connan my friend, says Ronnan, wilt thou preserve Rivine thy sister? Durstan is in love with the

* Supposed to be Fergus II. This fragment is reckoned not altogether so ancient as most of the rest.

maid;

maid; and soon shall the sea bring the stranger to our coast.

RONNAN, I will defend: Do thou securely go.—He went. He returned on his day. But Durstan returned before him.

GIVE me thy daughter, Conar, says Durstan; or fear and feel my power.

HE who dares attempt my sister, says Connar, must meet this edge of steel. Unerring in battle is my arm: my sword, as the lightning of heaven.

RONNAN the warrior came; and much he threatened Durstan.

BUT, faith Euran the servant of gold, Ronnan! by the gate of the north shall Durstan this night carry thy fair-one away. Accursed, answers Ron-

nan, be this arm if death meet him not there.

CONNAN! faith Euran, this night shall the stranger carry thy sister away. My sword shall meet him, replies Connan, and he shall lie low on earth.

THE friends met by night, and they fought. Blood and sweat ran down their limbs as water on the mossy rock. Connan falls; and cries, O Durstan, be favourable to Rivine!—And is it my friend, cries Ronnan, I have slain? O Connan! I knew thee not.

HE went, and he fought with Durstan. Day began to rise on the combat, when fainting they fell, and expired. Rivine came out with the morn; and——O what detains my Ronnan!—She saw him lying pale in his blood; and her brother lying pale
by

by his side. What could she say?
what could she do? her complaints
were many and vain. She opened this
grave for the warriors; and fell into it
herself, before it was closed; like the
sun snatched away in a storm.

THOU hast heard this tale of grief,
O fair daughter of the isles! Rivine
was fair as thyself: shed on her grave a
tear.

X.

IT is night; and I am alone, forlorn
 on the hill of storms. The wind is
 heard in the mountain. The torrent
 shrieks down the rock. No hut re-
 ceives me from the rain; forlorn on the
 hill of winds.

RISE, moon! from behind thy
 clouds; stars of the night, appear!
 Lead me, some light, to the place
 where my love rests from the toil of the
 chase! his bow near him, unstrung;
 his dogs panting around him. But here
 I must sit alone, by the rock of the
 mossy stream. The stream and the
 wind roar; nor can I hear the voice of
 my love.

WHY delayeth my Shalgar, why the
 son of the hill, his promise? Here is
 the

the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou promisedst with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Shalgar gone? With thee I would fly my father; with thee, my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Shalgar!

CEASE a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Shalgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Shalgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Alas! no answer.

Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

BUT

BUT who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother?—Speak to me O my friends! they answer not. My soul is tormented with fears.—Ah! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Shalgar? why, O Shalgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay!

OH! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the mountain of winds, speak ye ghosts of the dead! speak, and I will not be afraid.—Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of
the

the hill shall I find you? No feeble voice is on the wind: no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but close it not till I come. My life flieth away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is upon the heath; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; for pleasant were they both to me.

XI.

SAD! I am sad indeed: nor small my
 cause of woe!—Kirmor, thou hast
 lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter
 of beauty. Connar the valiant lives;
 and Annir the fairest of maids. The
 boughs of thy family flourish, O Kir-
 mor! but Armyn is the last of his race.
 Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep
 thy sleep in the tomb.—When shalt
 thou awake with thy songs? with all
 thy voice of music?

Rise, winds of autumn, rise; blow
 upon the dark heath! streams of the
 mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests,
 in the top of the oak! walk through
 broken clouds, O moon! show by in-
 tervals thy pale face! bring to my mind
 that sad night, when all my children
 fell; when Arindel the mighty fell;
 when

when Daura the lovely failed ; when all
my children died.

DAURA, my daughter ! thou wert
fair ; fair as the moon on the hills of
Jura ; white as the driven snow ; sweet
as the breathing gale. Arindel, thy
bow was strong, thy spear was swift in
the field : thy look was like mist on the
wave, thy shield, a red cloud in a storm.
Armor renowned in war came, and
fought Daura's love ; he was not long de-
nied ; fair was the hope of their friends.

EARCH, son of Odgal, repined ; for
his brother was slain by Armor. He
came disguised like a son of the sea :
fair was his skiff on the wave ; white
his locks of age ; calm his serious brow.
Fairest of women, he said, lovely
daughter of Armyn ! a rock not distant
in the sea, bears a tree on its side ; red
shines the fruit afar. There Armor

waiteth for Daura. I came to fetch his love. Come, fair daughter of Armyn!

SHE went; and she called on Armor. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armor, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? hear, son of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee!—Earch the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindel! Armyn! none to relieve your Daura!

HER voice came over the sea. Arindel my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand; five dark gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Earch on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick fly the thongs of
the

the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

ARINDEL ascends the surgy deep in his boat, to bring Daura to the land. Armor came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sunk; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindel my son! for Earch the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood!

THE boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armor plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

ALONE, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could

could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind ; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. And left thee Armyn alone : gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

WHEN the storms of the mountain come ; when the north lifts the waves on high ; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity ? They do not regard their father.

XII.

R Y N O, A L P I N.

R Y N O.

THE wind and the rain are over :
 calm is the noon of day. The
 clouds are divided in heaven. Over
 the green hills flies the inconstant sun.
 Red through the stony vale comes
 down the stream of the hill. Sweet
 are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more
 sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice
 of Alpin the son of the song, mourning
 for the dead. Bent is his head of age,
 and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou
 son of the song, why alone on the silent
 hill ? why complainest thou, as a blast
 in the wood ; as a wave on the lonely
 shore ?

ALPIN.

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead;
my voice, for the inhabitants of the
grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair
among the sons of the plain. But thou
shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner
shalt sit on thy tomb. The hills shall
know thee no more; thy bow shall lie
in the hall, unstrung.

THOU wert swift, O Morar! as a
roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of
fire. Thy wrath was as the storm of
December. Thy sword in battle, as
lightning in the field. Thy voice was
like a stream after rain; like thunder
on distant hills. Many fell by thy
arm; they were consumed in the flames
of thy wrath.

BUT when thou returnedst from war,
how

How peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

NARROW is thy dwelling now ; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar ! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose
H eyes

yes are red with tears, who quakes at every step?—It is thy father, O Morar! the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

FAREWELL, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

XIII.

RAISE high the stones; collect the
earth: preserve the name of Fear-
comhraic. Blow winds, from all your
hills; sigh on the grave of Muirmin.

THE dark rock hangs, with all its wood,
above the calm dwelling of the heroes:

THE sea with its foam-headed billows
murmurs at their side:

WHY sigh the woods, why roar the
waves? They have no cause to mourn.

BUT Thou hast cause, O Diorma!
thou maid of the breast of snow!
Spread thou thy hair to the wind;
send thy sighs on the blasts of the hills.

THEY vanished like two beams of
light, which fly from the heath in a
storm: They sunk like two stars in a
cloud when the winds of north arise.

For

For Thee weep the maids, Fear-comhraic, along the echoing hills. For Thee the women weep, O Muirnin; chief of the wars of Erin. I see not Fear-comhraic on the hill; I see not Muirnin in the storms of ocean. Raise, raise the song, relate the tale. Descend ye tears of other times.

DIORMA was the daughter of Connaid the chief of a thousand shields.

DIORMA was among the maids, as the white flower among the heath.

HER breast was like a white cloud in heaven. Her bosom like the top of a wave in a storm. Her hair was like smoke in the sun: her eye like the star of morn. Not fairer looks the moon from between two clouds, than the face of Diorma from between her locks.

A thousand heroes loved the maid ;
 the maid loved none but Fear-comhraic.
 He loved the maid, and well he
 might ; fair among women was the
 daughter of Connaid. She was the
 light of his soul in danger ; the strength
 of his arm in battle.

Who shall deny me the maid, said
 Fear-comhraic, who, the fairest of wo-
 men, Diorma ? Hard must be his helm
 of steel, and strong his shield of iron.

I deny her, said Muirnin son of the
 chief of generous shells. My sword is
 keen, my spear is strong ; the valiant
 yield to Muirnin.

Come then, thou son of Cormac,
 O mighty Muirnin, come ! leave the
 hills of Erin, come on the foamy wave.
 Let thy ship, like a cloud, come over
 the storms of ocean.

HE

HE came along the sea: his sails were like grey mist on the heath: long was his spear of ash; his shield like the bloody moon.—Aodan-son of Armclach came; the youth of the gloomy brow.

Rise, Fear-comhraic, rise thou love of the soft Diorma! fight, or yield the maid, son of the great Comhfeadan!

He rose like a cloud on the hill, when the winds of Autumn blow.

TALL art thou, said Fear-comhraic, son of mighty Cormac; fair are thy cheeks of youth, and strong thy arm of war. Prepare the feast, and slay the deer; send round the shell of joy: three days we feast together; we fight on the fourth, son of Cormac.

WHY should I sheath my sword, son of the noble Comhfeadan? Yield to me, son of battle, and raise my fame in Erin.

RAISE.

RAISE Thou my tomb, O Muirnin!
If Fear-comhraic fall by thy steel,
place my bright sword by my side, in
the tomb of the lonely hill.

WE fight by the noise of the stream,
Muirnin! wield thy steel.

SWORDS sound on helmets, sound
on shields; brass clashes, clatters, rings.
Sparkles buzz; shivers fly; death
bounds from mail to mail. As leaps a
stone from rock to rock, so blow suc-
ceeds to blow. Their eyes dart fire;
their nostrils blow: they leap, they
thrust, they wound.

SL OWLY, slowly falls the blade of
Muirnin son of war. He sinks, his ar-
mour rings, he cries, I die, Fear-comh-
raic, I die.

AND falls the bravest of men the
chief of Innisfallin! Stretch wide the
fail;

fail ; ascend the wave, and bring the youth to Erin. Deep on the hills of Erin is the sigh of maids. For thee, my foe, I mourn : thou art the grief of Fear-comhraic.

RISE ye winds of the founding hill ; sigh over the fall of Muirnin ! Weep Diorma, for the hero ; weep, maid of the arms of snow ; appear like the sun in rain ; move in tears along the shore !

AODAN saw the fall of Muirnin, and drew the founding bow : The grey-winged arrow flew, and pierced the breast of Fear-comhraic. Aodan, said Fear-comhraic, where was the sword of war ? where was the spear of thy strength, when thus thou hast slain Fear-comhraic ? Raise, gloomy youth, raise thou our tombs ! I will rest with the chief of Innisfhallin.

WHO

Who is that on the hill like a sun-
beam in a storm? Who is that with
the heaving breasts, which are like
two wreaths of snow? Thy blue eyes
roll in tears, thou daughter of mighty
Connaid! Thy hair flies round thy tem-
ples, as the mist on the rocks of Ard-
ven. Thy robe flows on the heath,
daughter of grief, Diorma! He is fallen
on the hill like a stream of light in
a cloud. No more shall he hear thy
voice like the sound of the string of
music. The strength of the war is
gone; the cheek of youth is pale.

XIV *.

CUCHULAIÐ sat by the wall ; by the tree of the rustling leaf †. His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. Whilst he thought on the mighty Carbre whom he slew in battle, the scout of the ocean came, Moran the son of Fithil.

Rise, Cuchulaid, rise! I see the ships of Garve. Many are the foe, Cuchulaid ; many the sons of Lochlyn.

MORAN ! thou ever tremblest ; thy fears increase the foe. They are the ships of the Desert of hills arrived to assist Cuchulaid.

* This is the opening of the epic poem mentioned in the preface. The two following fragments are parts of some episodes of the same work.

† The aspen or poplar tree.

I saw their chief, says Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that fir; his shield like the rising moon. He sat upon a rock on the shore, as a grey cloud upon the hill. Many, mighty man! I said, many are our heroes; Garve, well art thou named*, many are the sons of our king.

He answered like a wave on the rock; who is like me here? The valiant live not with me; they go to the earth from my hand. The king of the Desert of hills alone can fight with Garve. Once we wrestled on the hill. Our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place, and rivulets changed their course. Three days we strove together; heroes stood at a distance, and feared. On the fourth, the King saith that I fell; but Garve saith, he

*Garve signifies a man of great size.

stood.

Good. Let Cuchulaid yield to him
that is strong as a storm.

No. I will never yield to him.
Cuchulaid will conquer or die. (C)
Moran, take my spear; strike the shield
of Caithbait which hangs before
the gate. It never rings in peace.]
The heroes shall hear on the hill.——

XV.

DUCHOMMAR, MORNA.

DUCHOMMAR.

* **M**ORNA, thou fairest of women,
 daughter of Cormac-Carbre?
 why in the circle of stones, in the cave
 of the rock, alone? The stream mur-
 mureth hoarsely. The blast groaneth
 in the aged tree. The lake is troubled
 before thee. Dark are the clouds of
 the sky. But thou art like snow on
 the heath. Thy hair like a thin cloud
 of gold on the top of Cromleach. Thy

* The signification of the names in this fragment
 are. Dubhchomar, a black well shaped man; Murine
 or Morna, a woman beloved by all. Cormac-cairbre,
 an unequalled and rough warrior. Cromleach, a
 crooked hill. Muirch, a surly gloomy man.
 Tarman, thunder. Moinie, soft in temper and per-
 son.

breasts

Breasts like two smooth rocks on the hill
which is seen from the stream of Bran-
nuin. Thy arms, as two white pillars
in the hall of Fingal.

M O R N A.

WHENCE the son of Múgruch, Du-
chommar the most gloomy of men?
Dark are thy brows of terror. Red thy
rolling eyes. Does Garve appear on the
sea? What of the foe, Duchommar?

D U C H O M M A R.

FROM the hill I return, O Morna,
from the hill of the flying deer. Three
have I slain with my bow; three with
my panting dogs. Daughter of Cor-
mac-Carbre, I love thee as my soul. I
have slain a deer for thee. High was
his branchy head; and fleet his feet of
wind.

MORNA.

MORNA.

GLOOMY son of Mugruch, Duchonmar! I love thee not: hard is thy heart of rock; dark thy terrible brow. But Cadmor the son of Tarman, thou art the love of Morna! thou art like a sun-beam on the hill, in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Tarman, lovely on the hill of the chace? Here the daughter of Cormac-Carbre waiteth the coming of Cadmor.

D U C H O M M A R.

AND long shall Morna wait. His blood is on my sword. I met him by the mossy stone, by the oak of the noisy stream. He fought; but I slew him; his blood is on my sword. High on the hill I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-Carbre. But love thou the son

son of Mugruch; his arm is strong as a storm.

M O R N A.

And is the son of Tarman fallen; the youth with the breast of snow! the first in the chace of the hill; the foe of the sons of the ocean!—Duchommar, thou art gloomy indeed; cruel is thy arm to me. —But give me that sword, son of Mugruch; I love the blood of Cadmor!

[He gives her the sword, with which she instantly stabs him.]

D U C H O M M A R.

DAUGHTER of Cormac-Carbre, thou hast pierced Duchommar! the sword is cold in my breast; thou hast killed the son of Mugruch. Give me to Moinie
the

the maid; for much she loved Duchommar. My tomb she will raise on the hill; the hunter shall see it, and praise me.—— But draw the sword from my side, Morna; I feel it cold.——

[UPON her coming near him, he stabs her. As she fell, she plucked a stone from the side of the cave, and placed it betwixt them, that his blood might not be mingled with hers.]

XVI.

* **W**HERE is Gealchoffa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar? I left her in the hall of the plain, when I fought with the hairy Ulfadha. Return soon, she said, O Lamderg! for here I wait in sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs; her cheek was wet with tears. But she cometh not to meet Lamderg; or sooth his soul after battle. Silent is the hall of joy; I hear not the voice of the finge. Brann does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his master. Where is Gealchoffa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar?

* The signification of the names in this fragment are; Gealchoffack, white-legged. Tuathal-Teachtmhar, the surly, but fortunate man. Lambhdearg, bloody-hand. Ulfadha, long-beard. Firchios, the conqueror of men.

LAMDERG!

LAMBERG! says Firchios son of Aydon, Gealchoffa may be on the hill; she and her chosen maids pursuing the flying deer.

FIRCHIOS! no noise I hear. No sound in the wood of the hill. No deer fly in my sight; no panting dog pursueth. I see not Gealchoffa my love; fair as the full moon setting on the hills of Cromleath. Go, Firchios! go to Allad*, the grey-haired son of the rock. He liveth in the circle of stones; he may tell of Gealchoffa.

ALLAD! faith Firchios, thou who dwellest in the rock; thou who tremblest alone; what saw thine eyes of age?

I saw, answered Allad the old, Ullin

* Allad is plainly a Druid consulted on this occasion.

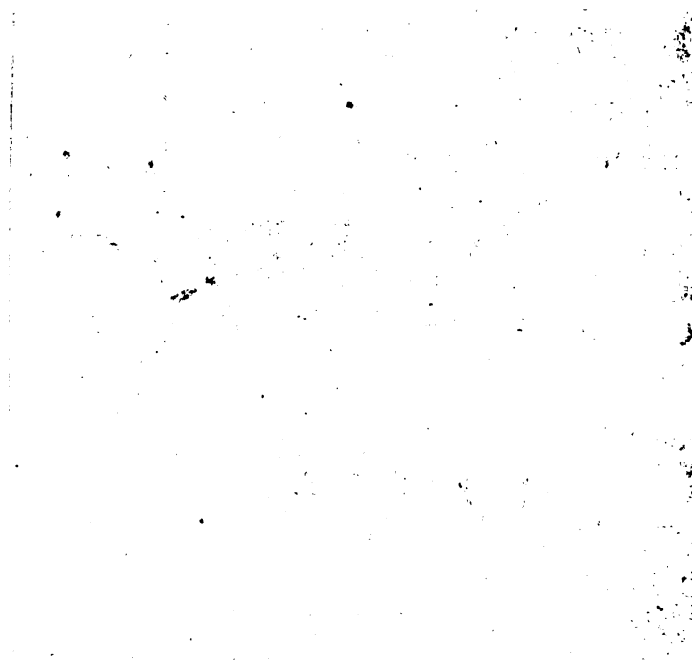
the son of Carbre: He came like a cloud from the hill; he hummed a busy song as he came, like a storm in leafless wood. He entered the hall of the plain. Lamderg, he cried, most dreadful of men! fight, or yield to Ullin. Lamderg, replied Gealchoffa, Lamderg is not here: he fights the hairy Ulfadha; mighty man, he is not here. But Lamderg never yields; he will fight the son of Carbre. Lovely art thou, O daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar! said Ullin. I carry thee to the house of Carbre; the valiant shall have Gealchoffa. Three days from the top of Cromleach will I call Lamderg to fight. The fourth, you belong to Ullin, if Lamderg die, or fly my sword.

ALLAD! peace to thy dreams!—
 found the horn, Firchios!—Ullin may
 hear, and meet me on the top of Crom-
 leach.

LAMDERG

LAMDERG rushed on like a storm.
 On his spear he leaped over rivers. Few
 were his strides up the hill. The rocks
 fly back from his heels ; loud crashing
 they bound to the plain. His armour,
 his buckler rung. He hummed a furly
 song like the noise of the falling
 stream. Dark as a cloud he stood
 above ; his arms, like meteors, shone.
 From the summit of the hill, he rolled
 a rock. Ullin heard in the hail of
 Carbre.—

F I N I S.



SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

Earl of *Chesterfield*,

TO

HIS SON,

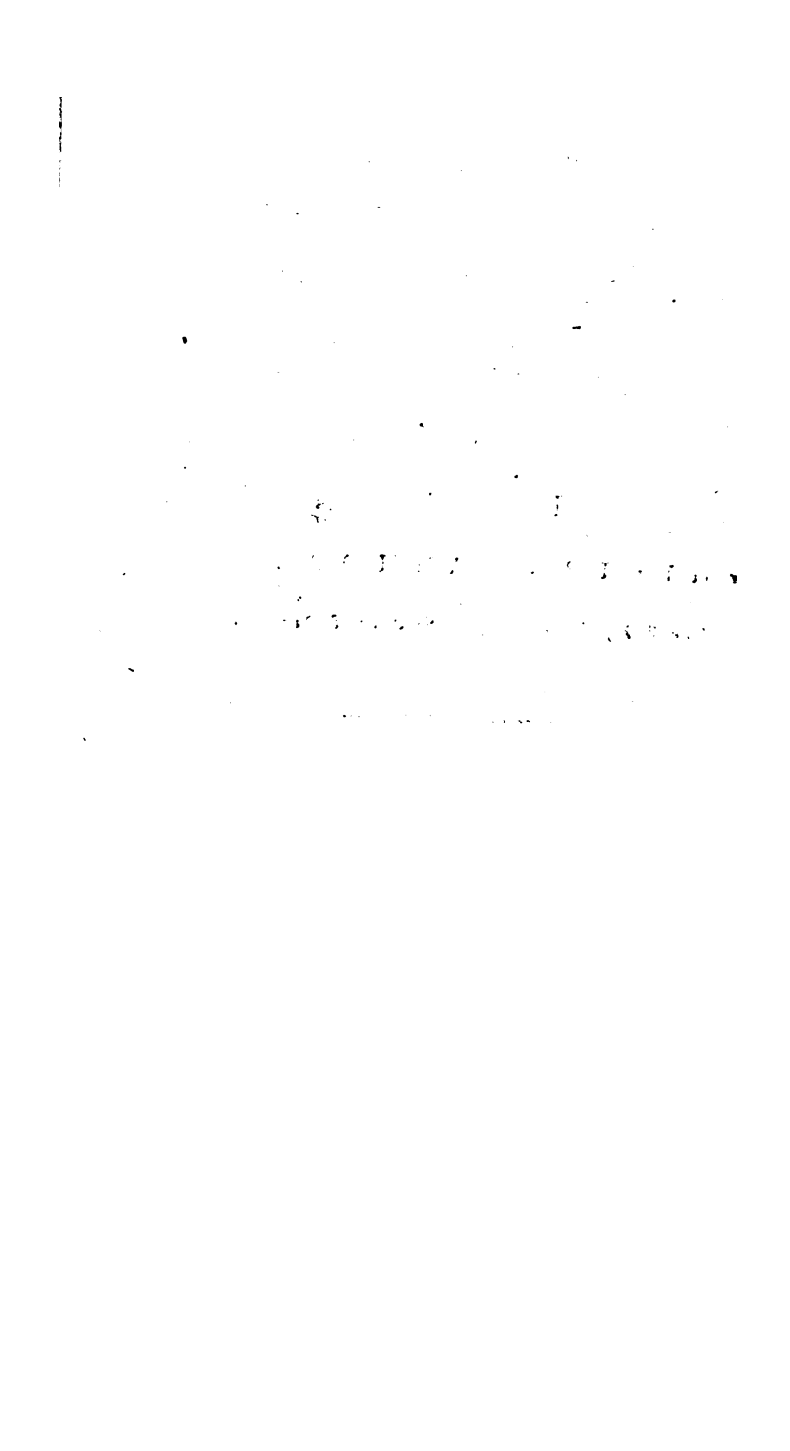
PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq.

Late Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of DRESDEN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PAUL-MALL.

M,DCC.LXXXVII.





ADVERTISEMENT.

SOON after the publication of the late Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, the additional ones contained in the present collection were recovered by Mrs. Stanhope. That she had a design to publish them, appears from the following Preface, which was found with the Letters, soon after Mrs. Stanhope's decease, in her own hand-writing.

P R E-



P R E F A C E,

By Mrs. E. STANHOPE.

THE favourable reception of the late Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, encourages the Editor to hope that a completion of them will be acceptable to the Public.—It has often been regretted that several of the first letters were wanting; some in particular, which form an Epitome of English history, and others on geographical subjects. Most of these deficiencies are supplied in the present publication.

In order to prove the authenticity of the letters in this collection, as well as to testify her gratitude, the Editor begs leave to inform the Public, that the originals, now in her possession, were most generously transmitted to her by Sir William Forbes, whose father inherited them from the late Sir Andrew Mitchell. How they came into Sir Andrew's possession is not known: probably they were left with him at Berlin by the late Mr. Philip Stanhope.

To the letters written to Mr. Stanhope in his juvenile days, are added some of a more recent date. One of these, containing the character of the late Duke of Ormond, and some circumstances relative to that Nobleman's impeachment, will perhaps be deemed interesting.

Of such letters as are written in French, it has been thought requisite to give an English translation.

SUPPLE-

S U P P L E M E N T

T O

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

L E T T E R I.

A Bath, ce 18 Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT,

JE vous ai parlé dans ma dernière de la célèbre ville d'Athènes. Mais j'y reviens encore aujourd'hui, car on n'en peut pas trop dire, et vous ne pouvez pas la connoître trop bien. Elle a produit les plus grands hommes de l'antiquité, et a laissé les plus beaux modèles d'Eloquence, de Poésie, de Philosophie, de Peinture, de Sculpture, et enfin de tous les Arts et les Sciences; c'est sur ces modèles-là que les Romains se sont formés depuis, et c'est sur ces modèles aussi que nous devons nous former. Platon, le plus grand philosophe qui a jamais été, c'est-à-dire l'homme le plus sage et le plus savant, étoit Athénien; ses ouvrages qui nous restent encore, sont ce qu'il y a de plus beau de l'antiquité. Il étoit le disciple, c'est-à-dire l'écuyer, de Socrate, célèbre philosophe, et le plus vertueux de tous les anciens; mais

SUPPL.

B

Socrate

Socrates lui-même n'a jamais rien écrit, et il se contentoit d'instruire les Atheniens par ses discours. Il fut mis à mort injustement, par les fausses accusations des mechans, qui étoient tous ses ennemis, à cause de sa vertu. Sophocles et Euripides, deux fameux poètes tragiques, c'est-à-dire qui composoient des tragédies, étoient tous deux d'Athenes ; comme aussi Aristophanes, célèbre poète comique, qui faisoit des comédies. Les Atheniens n'étoient pas moins célèbres dans la guerre que dans les sciences, car ils battirent plus d'une fois, par terre et par mer, le Roi de Perse, qui attaquoit la Grèce avec des troupes innombrables. Themistocles, Miltiades, et Alcibiades, étoient les plus célèbres de leurs généraux. Enfin, les Atheniens surpassoient en tout le reste de la Grèce, comme la Grèce, dans ce tems-là, surpassoit tout le reste du monde. Vous aurez beaucoup de plaisir à lire l'Histoire de la Grèce, que vous lirez bientôt.

J'ai reçu votre lettre, et je ne manquerai pas d'exécuter vos ordres par rapport à l'étui ; mais dites moi un peu quelle sorte d'étui vous voulez avoir, car un étui veut dire toute chose où l'on conserve une autre, de sorte qu'il faut savoir ce que vous voulez qu'il y ait dans cet étui. Adieu.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

Bath, October the 18th, 1738.

MY DEAR CHILD,

IN my last I wrote to you concerning the celebrated city of Athens. I now resume the subject ; because too much cannot be said of it, nor can you be too

too well instructed concerning it. The greatest men of antiquity were Athenians; and that city produced the finest models of Eloquence, Poetry, Philosophy, Painting, Sculpture, and, in short, of all the Arts and Sciences. On those models it was that the Romans afterwards formed their taste, and on the same we must perfect ours. Plato, the greatest philosopher that ever existed, was an Athenian; and such of his writings as still remain are superior to those of all the ancients. A philosopher is both a wise and a learned man. Plato was a disciple, that is to say a scholar, of Socrates, a celebrated philosopher, and the most virtuous among the ancients. Socrates himself never wrote, but by his discourses instructed the Athenians. On account of his virtues, all vicious people were enemies to him; they therefore accused him falsely, and he was most unjustly put to death.

Sophocles and Euripides, two famous tragedians, were both Athenians; as was also Aristophanes, a famous comic poet, who wrote comedies.

The Athenians were as celebrated for valour as for science. They more than once defeated, both by sea and land, the King of Persia, who invaded Greece with innumerable forces. Themistocles, Miltiades, and Alcibiades, were the most renowned of their generals. In short, the Athenians surpassed the other Greeks in every thing, as much as Greece then out-did the rest of the world. You are soon to read the History of Greece, and it will give you much pleasure.

I received your letter, and will not fail to execute your orders respecting the case; but let me know what

TRANSLATION.

Bath, October the 30th, 1738.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I Received your letter, which is very well written ; by that I perceive that you improve, and learn well. This being the case, you may boldly ask for whatever you want. I shall not fail to bring you a case such as you require, excepting that it must not contain instruments for teeth, which are not necessary for you ; on the contrary, they spoil the teeth, which ought to be kept very clean, but only with a sponge and warm water. In order to obtain whatever you wish from me, you need only be a good boy, and learn well. Besides, consider what reputation you will thereby acquire ; other boys will admire you, and grown-up people will esteem you, and not treat you like a little boy.

In my two last letters I gave you a short account of the famous city of Athens, formerly so celebrated in Greece. We will now consider another Grecian city, equally renowned, but in another way ; this is Lacedemonia, or Sparta, which flourished at the same time as Athens. It was a warlike city, and all its citizens were trained to arms ; they were exceedingly brave, and rigidly virtuous. Arts and Sciences were not there cultivated, as at Athens ; their only study was war. The first duty was the love of their country ; and they were persuaded that to die in defence of it was the most glorious of all actions. No instance
ever

ever occurred of a Lacedemonian's having run away. Luxury and ease were not admitted of at Sparta; and, to prevent the corruption of manners, gold or silver not allowed. Early inured to hardships, to strengthen their constitutions they were brought up in the endurance of cold and heat, likewise to use the most laborious exercise. They spoke but little, and their answers were always short, and full of sense. To this day, a concise style, replete with meaning, is called a laconic style, from Laconia, by which name Lacedemonia was called.

Lycurgus was their first legislator, which means, that he gave them laws. He was the most virtuous and the wisest man that ever lived. A real proof of this is, that although he was king, he made them free. Pretending to go a journey for some time, he obliged all the Lacedemonians to make oath, that until his return they would observe his laws strictly. He then went away, and in order that they might never swerve from the laws he had established, he never returned: thus, to promote the good of his country, he gave up his crown, and the pleasure of living in his native land.

Adieu! In three weeks I shall see you.

L E T T E R III.

A Bath, ce 2d d'Avril, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT,

J'AI reçu votre lettre, dont je suis très-content; elle étoit fort bien écrite, quoique sans lignes. De la maniere que vous apprenez, vous en saurez

B 4

plus

plus bientôt que bien des garçons qui ont deux ou trois ans plus que vous ; par-là vous ferez fort estimé par les honnêtes gens, et vous en aurez beaucoup de gloire.

Poursuivons à cette heure le caractère d'un honnête homme. Il n'y a rien de plus essentiel à un honnête homme, que de dire toujours la vérité, et de tenir toujours scrupuleusement sa parole. Comme, de l'autre côté, il n'y a rien de plus infame, ni de plus déshonorant, que le mensonge, et de manquer à sa parole. Dans la guerre que les Romains eurent avec les Carthaginois, Attilius Regulus, le Général des Romains, fut vaincu, et pris par les Carthaginois ; mais nonobstant la victoire, les Carthaginois souhai-toient de faire la paix avec les Romains : Pour y parvenir, ils permirent à Regulus d'aller à Rome, à condition qu'il donnât sa parole de revenir, ne doutant pas qu'il ne persuaderoit aux Romains de faire la paix, pour obtenir sa liberté. Mais étant arrivé à Rome, ce généreux Romain ne vouloit pas obtenir sa liberté aux dépens de sa patrie ; et bien loin de per-suader les Romains à faire la paix, il leur dit, qu'ils devoient continuer la guerre, car que les Carthaginois n'étoient pas en état de la soutenir. Après cela il se disposa à s'en retourner à Carthage, selon la parole qu'il avoit donné. Les Romains, et surtout ses parens et ses amis, lui conseilloyent de ne pas retourner, parceque les Carthaginois, qui étoient cruels, le feroient surement mourir : mais il aima mieux aller à une mort certaine, que de vivre infame, en manquant à sa parole. Il revint donc à Carthage, où on le fit mourir, en le mettant dans un grand tonneau rempli de

de clous. Cette mort-là vaut bien mieux qu'une vie achetée au prix du mensonge et de l'infamie.

Un honnête homme encore se considère comme intéressé dans le bien de tous les hommes en général. Terence fait dire à un honnête homme, dans une de ses Comédies, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Ce qui veut dire, Je suis homme moi-même, et comme tel je prends part à tout ce qui touche les hommes. Et il me semble qu'il est impossible de voir qui que ce soit malheureux, sans en être touché, et sans tâcher de le soulager ; comme d'un autre côté on sent du plaisir à voir les gens heureux et contents ; car il n'y a que les âmes du monde les plus basses qui soient capables d'envier le bonheur, ou de se rejouir du malheur d'autrui. Adieu ! Ayez soin de vous distinguer, autant par les vertus de l'âme, que par les avantages de l'esprit.

TRANSLATION.

Bath, April the 2d, 1739.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I RECEIVED your letter, with which I am extremely pleased ; it is very well written, though without lines. In the manner that you improve, you soon will know more than many boys that are two or three years older than yourself : by that means you will acquire great reputation, and be esteemed by people of merit.

At present, let us continue to define the character of a man of probity. To such a one nothing is more essential than always to speak truth, and to be strictly

observant of his promise. On the other hand, nothing is more infamous and dishonourable than to tell lyes, and break our word. During a war between the Romans and Carthaginians, Attilius Regulus, the Roman General, was defeated, and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians. Notwithstanding their victory, they were desirous of making peace with the Romans. In order to obtain it, they permitted Regulus to go to Rome, on condition that he pledged his word to return to Carthage ; not doubting that, in order to obtain his liberty, he would persuade the Romans to make peace. But that generous Roman scorned even liberty, when purchased to the detriment of his country. So that, far from persuading the Romans to make peace, he told them they ought to continue the war, for the Carthaginians were not in a situation to support it. After this, he prepared to return to Carthage, according to the promise he had made. The Romans, particularly his relations and friends, advised him not to return ; because the Carthaginians, who were cruel, would most certainly put him to death. But rather than live with infamy, by breaking his word, he preferred going to certain destruction ; and returned to Carthage, where they put him to death, by throwing him into a tub filled with spikes. Such a death is far preferable to life purchased by lyes and infamy.

A man of probity and honour considers himself as interested in the welfare of all mankind. To such a character it is that Terence, in one of his Comedies, attributes the saying, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto* : which means, I am a man myself, and,

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and, as such, interested in whatever concerns man. Indeed, I am of opinion, that it is impossible to see any one unhappy, without feeling for that person, and endeavouring to help him ; as, on the other hand, one is pleased to see people contented and happy. None but the most depraved souls can envy other people's happiness, or can rejoice at their misfortunes. Adieu ! Take care to be equally distinguished by the virtues of the heart, as by the advantages of the mind.

L E T T E R I V .

Bath, April the 16th, 1739.

MY DEAR BOY,

I RECEIVED your letter, and if you go on to learn at this rate, you will soon puzzle me, in Greek especially ; however I shall not be sorry to be outdone by you, and the sooner you are too hard for me the better. I think, for the future, I shall call you Little Polyglot, which is originally a Greek word, that signifies many tongues, or many languages. Mr. Maittaire writes me word, that he intends to bring you acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Martial, who are the most famous Latin poets ; therefore I think it may now be necessary to inform you a little what poetry is, and the difference between poetry and prose. Prose, you know already, is the language of common conversation,

tion, it is what you and every body speaks and writes. It requires no rhymes, nor any certain number of feet or syllables. But poetry is a more noble and sublime way of expressing one's thoughts. For example, in prose you would say, very properly, "it is twelve of the clock at noon," to mark the middle of the day; but this would be too plain and flat in poetry; and you would rather say, "the Chariot of the Sun had already finish'd half its course." In prose you would say, "the beginning of the morning, or the break of day;" but that would not do in verse; and you must rather say, "Aurora spread her rosy mantle." Aurora you know is the goddess of the morning. This is what is called poetical diction. Latin and Greek verses have no rhymes, but consist of a certain number of feet and syllables. The hexameter verses have six feet; the pentameter have five feet. All French verses whatsoever have rhymes. But English verses, some have rhymes, and some have none; those that have no rhymes are called blank verses; but though they have no rhymes, they have the same number of feet or syllables that verses in rhyme have. All our best English Tragedies are written in blank verse, of five feet, or ten syllables; for a foot in English verse is two syllables. For example, the famous Tragedy of Cato begins thus:

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.

Here you see each of these verses has five feet, or ten syllables, though they have no rhymes. English verses of five feet are called long verse, or heroic verse,

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verse, because heroic poems are written in that verse; as Homer's *Ilias* in Greek, and Virgil's *Æneis* in Latin, are both written in long hexameter verses. Here is enough of poetry for this time, if you will but remember it; we will have some more of it hereafter. I shall see you next week in London, where I have very pretty things to give you, because I am sure you will deserve them. Adieu.

LETTER V.

A Isleworth, ce 8ieme Juillet.

JE crains, mon cher enfant, que vous ne trouviez mes lettres trop sérieuses, car je fais que vous aimez à badiner, et, ma foi, vous avez raison; je l'aime aussi, et nous badinerons souvent ensemble. Quelquefois, à la vérité, il faut penser sérieusement; mais, pour l'ordinaire, il faut être gai et enjoué. Et je ne voudrois nullement qu'un gaillard comme vous fit le philosophe. Il faut bien apprendre, pendant qu'on apprend; et après cela il faut bien se divertir.

Je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière de la politesse des honnêtes gens, c'est-à-dire, la politesse des gens de cour, et du beau monde, qui est naturelle et aisée; et il faut bien la distinguer de la politesse des bourgeois, ou des campagnards, qui est très-gênante et incommode. Ces gens-là sont tout pleins de façons, et vous accablent à force de compliments. Par exemple, si vous dînez chez un bourgeois, au lieu de vous offrir

offrir honnêtement de vous servir, il vous presse de manger et de boire, malgré vous, entasse des monceaux sur votre assiette, et vous fait crever, pour vous témoigner que vous êtes le bien-venu chez lui. Un campagnard vous étouffe en vous embrassant, et vous jette à terre pour vous faire passer le premier. Mais un homme qui fait bien vivre, témoigne en toutes ses manières un désir de vous plaire, sans pourtant vous incommoder par ses attentions. Au reste, il y a très-peu d'Anglois qui sachent bien vivre ; car, ou ils sont niais, ou ils sont effrontés ; au lieu que presque tous les François ont les manières aisées et polies. Et comme vous êtes un petit François de la meilleure moitié, j'espère que vous ferez du moins à moitié poli ; et vous en ferez plus distingué, dans un pays où la politesse n'est pas fort commune. Adieu.

Je vous ai dit, que s'il y a quelques mots dans mes lettres que vous n'entendez pas, de prier votre Maman de vous les expliquer.

TRANSLATION.

Isleworth, July the 8th.

I AM afraid, my dear child, that you think my letters too grave, for I know you love to joke, and in that you are right ; I too like chearfulness, and we shall often joke together. Sometimes, however, we must think seriously ; but in general one ought to be gay and lively. I would not wish such a jolly fellow as you should set up for a philosopher. When one is learning, one ought to apply, afterwards one should play and divert one's self.

In

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. 15

In my last to you I wrote concerning the politeness of people of fashion, such as are used to courts, the elegant part of mankind. Their politeness is easy and natural ; and you must distinguish it from the civilities of inferior people, and of rustics, which are always constraining and troublesome. Those sort of people are full of ceremony, and overwhelm us with compliments. For example, if you dine with a person in an ordinary sphere of life, instead of civilly offering to help you, he will press you to eat and drink whether you will or not, will heap things on your plate ; and, to prove that you are welcome, he crams you till you are ready to burst. A country squire stifles you with hearty embraces, and, endeavouring to make you go before, throws you down. But a well-bred man shows a constant desire of pleasing, and takes care that his attentions for you be not troublesome. Few English are thoroughly polite ; either they are shame-faced or impudent, whereas most French people are easy and polite in their manners. And, as by the better half you are a little French man, so I hope that you will at least be *half* polite. You will be the more distinguished in a country where politeness is not very common.

I have already mentioned to you, that if there should be any words in my letters which you do not understand, you are to desire your Mama to explain them.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

A Isleworth, ce 22ieme Juillet.

MON CHER ENFANT,

NOUS commencerons à cette heure, si vous voulez, à parler un peu de la Géographie, et à vous en donner une idée générale. C'est une science fort utile et nécessaire; parce qu'elle vous enseigne la situation des villes et des pays, dont vous entendez parler à tous momens, et qu'il ne faut nullement ignorer. Vous savez déjà que le monde est partagé en quatre parties, c'est-à-dire, l'Europe, l'Asie, l'Afrique, et l'Amérique. Nous commencerons par l'Europe, à cause qu'elle contient les pays et les royaumes dont il est le plus souvent question : comme la Suède, le Dannemark, et la Russie, qui sont au Nord, ou au Septentrion, c'est la même chose ; l'Espagne, le Portugal, l'Italie, et la Turquie en Europe, qui sont vers le Sud, ou le Midi; et l'Angleterre, la France, l'Allemagne, et les Provinces Unies, qui sont au milieu. Tout ceci sert à vous cultiver et à vous former l'esprit. Mais la principale affaire, c'est de vous former le cœur, c'est-à-dire, de vous rendre honnête homme, et de vous donner de l'horreur pour l'injustice, le mensonge, l'orgueil, et l'avarice. Car un homme qui a tout l'esprit, et tout le savoir du monde, s'il est menteur, cruel, orgueilleux, et avare, sera haï et détesté de tout le genre humain, et on l'évitera comme une bête féroce. A-propos d'avarice, j'ai lu hier une jolie histoire sur ce sujet, dans les Métamorphoses

tamorphoses d'Ovide. C'est d'un roi qui s'appelloit Midas, qui avoit demandé au Dieu Bacchus, que tout ce qu'il toucheroit pût devenir or. Bacchus lui accorda sa demande ; et, en effet, tout ce qu'il toucha se changea immédiatement en or. Voilà Midas, qui d'abord est charmé de ses richesses, mais qui eut bientôt sujet de s'en repentir, car il en pensa mourir de faim ; parceque quand il vouloit manger ou boire, tout se changeoit d'abord en or. Alors il vit bien la folie de son avarice, et pria Bacchus de reprendre le présent funeste qu'il avoit tant souhaité ; ce qu'il eut la bonté de faire, et Midas mangea et but comme auparavant. La morale de cette fable est, que les gens avarés ne songent qu'à amasser des richesses, pour ne pas s'en servir ; qu'ils se refusent même souvent le nécessaire, et qu'ils meurent de faim, au milieu de leur or, et de leurs richesses. Vous trouverez cette histoire au commencement de l'onzième livre des Métamorphoses. Adieu, mon cher garçon.

TRANSLATION.

Isleworth, July the 22d.

MY DEAR CHILD,

WE shall now, if you please, enter upon the subject of Geography, and give you a general idea of that science, which is extremely useful and necessary, as it teaches us the situation of towns and countries which are continually mentioned, and of which we must by no means be ignorant. You already know that the world is divided into four parts, which are, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. We will begin

begin with Europe, because it contains the countries and kingdoms most frequently spoken of: such are Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, towards the North; Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey in Europe, to the South; and in the middle, England, France, Germany, and the United Provinces. The knowledge of these things tends to cultivate and to form your mind; but the most important business is to form your heart, that is, to make you an honest man. As such, you will abhor injustice, lyes, pride, and avarice. If a person, though possessed of the finest understanding and greatest knowledge, should be a liar, cruel, proud, and covetous, he will be hated and detested by every human creature, and shunned like a wild beast. With respect to covetousness, I yesterday read, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a pretty story on that subject.

A king named Midas entreated the god Bacchus that every thing he touched might turn to gold. Bacchus granted his request, so that whatever he touched was immediately transformed into gold. At first Midas was highly pleased with his riches, but soon found cause to repent, for he was very near dying of hunger. When he wanted to eat or drink, every thing instantly turned to gold. He then perceived the folly of being so avaricious, and prayed to Bacchus to take back that gift of which he had been so desirous. The god, out of his goodness, relieved him, and Midas ate and drank as before.

The moral of this fable teaches us, that covetous people heap up riches without any view of making use of them; that they often refuse themselves the necessities

faries of life, and even die of hunger in the midst of their gold and riches.

You will find this story in the beginning of the eleventh book of Metamorphoses.

Adieu, my dear Boy.

LETTER VII.

A Isleworth, Juillet.

MON CHER GARÇON,

JE vous ai donné, dans ma dernière, un exemple, tiré des Métamorphoses, des suites funestes de l'avarice ; en voici encore un autre, qui est aussi dans les Métamorphoses. C'est l'histoire d'Hippomenes et d'Atalante. Atalante étoit d'une beauté extraordinaire ; par conséquent elle eut plusieurs amans ; mais comme elle surpassoit tout le monde en vitesse à la course, elle s'engagea à n'épouser que celui qui pourroit la devancer à la course. Plusieurs se présentèrent, mais elle les surmonta tous, et les fit mourir. Hippomenes, le fils du Dieu Mars, n'en fut pourtant pas découragé ; et se presenta. Il courut donc avec elle, et elle l'auroit bien devancé, si Venus ne lui eut donné trois pommes d'or, du jardin des Hesperides, qu'il jeta dans son chemin. Aussitôt la belle, éblouie par ces pommes d'or, s'arrêta pour les ramasser ; moyennant quoi Hippomenes, qui courroit toujours, gagna la course. Elle fut donc obligée de l'épouser ; mais comme ils se pressèrent tant à consumer le mariage, qu'ils le firent dans le temple de Cybele,

Cybele, qui est la mere de tous les Dieux ; cette Déesse, indignée de l'affront, changea Hippomenes en lion, et Atalante en lionne. Vous voyez donc comme l'amour de l'or causa le malheur d'Atalante ; elle avoit résisté au mérite et à la beauté de ses autres amans, mais elle ne put tenir contre l'or.

J'espère que quand vous lisez mes lettres, vous faites attention à l'orthographe, aussi bien qu'aux histoires ; et il faut aussi remarquer la manière d'écrire les lettres, qui doit être aisée et naturelle, et pas recherchée ni guindée. Par exemple, quand vous enverrez un poulet, ou billet tendre, à Miss Pinkerton ; il faut seulement songer à ce que vous lui diriez si vous étiez avec elle, et puis l'écrire ; cela rend le style aisé et naturel ; au lieu qu'il y a des gens qui croient que c'est une affaire que d'écrire une lettre, et qui s'imaginent, qu'il faut écrire bien mieux qu'on ne parle, ce qui est nullement nécessaire. Adieu ! Vous êtes un très-bon garçon, et vous apprenez parfaitement bien.

TRANSLATION.

Isleworth, July.

MY DEAR BOY,

IN my last I gave you an example, taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, of the fatal effects of avarice. I now send you another, which is likewise in the *Metamorphoses*. It is the history of Hippomenes and Atalanta. Atalanta was a princess of extraordinary beauty, consequently she had many lovers ; but as she surpassed every body in swiftness, she gave out
that

that she would marry no man but such as could outrun her. Many suitors presented themselves: she overcame them all, and caused them to be put to death. Hippomenes, son of Mars, was not, however, discouraged. He accepted the challenge, ran with her, and she would have surpassed him, had not Venus made him a present of three golden apples, from the garden of the Hesperides, which he threw in her way. Atalanta, dazzled with the splendour of the apples, stopped to gather them up; by which means Hippomenes, who continued running, won the race. She, therefore, was obliged to accept of him for a husband; but, eager to consummate their marriage, they lay together in the temple of Cybele, mother of the gods. That goddess, indignant at the affront, changed Hippomenes into a lion, and Atalanta into a lioness. So you see how the love of gold brought misfortune upon Atalanta. She who had been insensible to the accomplishments and beauty of her other lovers, could not withstand the temptation of gold.

When you read my letters, I hope you pay attention as well to the spelling as you do to the histories. You must likewise take notice of the manner in which they are written; which ought to be easy and natural, not strained and florid. For instance, when you are about sending a *billet-doux*, or love-letter, to Miss Pinkerton, you must only think of what you would say to her if you were both together, and then write it; that renders the style easy and natural; though some people imagine the wording of a letter to be a great undertaking, and think they must write abundantly better than they talk, which is not at all necessary.

Farewell!

Farewell! You are a very good boy, and you learn exceedingly well.

LETTER VIII.

Wednesday.

DEAR BOY,

I HAVE lately met with some passages which shew the opinion the ancients had of learning, and how necessary they thought it. As I know you think it so too, and are resolved to learn well, I thought you would be pleased with seeing those passages, which I here send you in the original Latin.

Paterfamilias quæsit ab Aristippo, quid commodi consequuturus esset filius suus si eum literis institui curaret. Si nullum alium fructum percipiet (respondit ille) hunc certè quod in theatro non sedebat lapis super lapidem. Tunc erant theatri sedilia marmorea. Hoc responso innuebat vir prudens, eos quorum ingenium excultum non fuisset, lapidum similes posse videri.

“ A father of a family asked Aristippus, what advantage his son would reap should he bring him up to learning? If no other advantage (answered Aristippus) he will certainly have that of sitting in the theatre not as a stone upon a stone. At that time the seats in the theatre were of marble. By this answer that judicious man hinted, that persons whose understandings were left unimproved, might be considered as stones.”

Thus you see, that Aristippus looked upon an ignorant man as little better than the stone he sat upon.

Diogenes

Diogenes considered an ignorant fellow as a beast, and not without reason.

Salsè ridebat Diogenes Sinopenfis, inertiam et incuriam Megarenfium, qui liberos nullis bonis artibus instruebant, curam vero pecorum diligentem habebant; dicebat enim malle se Megarenfis alicujus esse arietem quam filium.

“ Diogenes of Sinope, with a good deal of humour,
 “ used to ridicule the indolence and neglect of the
 “ inhabitants of Megara, who bestowed no liberal
 “ education on their children, yet took particular
 “ care of their cattle; for, said he, I had much rather
 “ be a ram belonging to a man of Megara than
 “ his son.”

Cicero, speaking of learning, says, that one should have it, were it only for one's own pleasure, independently of all the other advantages of it.

Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex liberalium artium studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima. Nam cæteræ neque temporum omnium sunt, neque ætatum, neque locorum. Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

“ Though we did not reap such advantages from
 “ the study of letters as we manifestly do, and that
 “ in the acquirement of learning pleasure only were
 “ the object in pursuit, yet that recreation of mind
 “ should be deemed very worthy of a liberal man.

“ Other

“ Other amusements are not always suitable to time
 “ and place ; nor are they of all ages and conditions.
 “ These studies are nourishment to youth, pleasure to
 “ old age, an ornament to prosperity, a refuge and
 “ comfort in adversity. They divert us at home, are
 “ of no hindrance abroad ; they pass the night with
 “ us, accompany us when we travel, attend upon us
 “ in our rural retreats.”

Seneca, to shew the advantage and comfort of learning, says,

Si tempus in studia conferas, omne vitæ fastidium effugeris, nec noctem fieri optabis tædio lucis ; nec tibi gravis eris, nec aliis supervacuus.

“ If you employ your time in study, you will avoid
 “ every disgust in life. You will not wish for night,
 “ nor be weary of the day. You will be neither a
 “ burden to yourself, nor unwelcome to others.”

Translate these Latin passages at your leisure ; and remember how necessary these great men thought learning was, both for the use, the ornament, and the pleasure of life.

L E T T E R IX.

A Isleworth.

LA politesse dont je vous ai parlé, mon cher, dans mes précédentes, ne regarde que vos égaux, et vos supérieurs ; mais il y a aussi une certaine politesse, que vous devez à vos inférieurs ; elle est différente à la vérité, mais aussi qui ne l'a pas, n'a sûrement pas le cœur bon. On ne fait pas des complimens à des gens

gens au dessous de soi, et on ne leur parle pas de l'honneur qu'ils vous font ; mais en même tems il faut les traiter avec bonté, et avec douceur. Nous sommes tous de la même espece, et il n'y a d'autre distinction que celle que le sort a fait. Par exemple, votre valet et Lisette seroient vos égaux, s'ils étoient aussi riches que vous ; mais étant plus pauvres, ils sont obligés de vous servir, par conséquent vous ne devez pas ajouter à leur malheur, en les insultant, ou en les maltraitant ; et si votre sort est meilleur que le leur, vous devez en remercier Dieu, sans les mépriser, ou en être plus glorieux vous-même. Il faut donc agir avec douceur et bonté envers tous ceux qui sont au dessous de vous, et ne pas leur parler d'un ton brusque, ni leur dire des duretés, comme si, ils étoient d'une différente espece. Un bon cœur, au lieu de faire sentir aux gens leur malheur, tâche de le leur faire oublier, s'il est possible, au moins de l'adoucir. Voila comme je suis persuadé que vous ferez toujours, autrement je ne vous aimerois pas tant que je fais. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

Isleworth.

THAT politeness which I mentioned, my dear child, in my former letters, regards only your equals and your superiors. There is also a certain politeness due to your inferiors ; of a different kind, 'tis true ; but whoever is without it, is without goodness. We do not need to compliment those beneath

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us,

us, nor to talk of their doing us the honour, &c. but we ought to treat them with benevolence and mildness. We are all of the same species, and no distinction whatever is between us, except that which arises from fortune. For example, your footman and Lisette would be your equals, were they as rich as you; being poor, they are obliged to serve you. Therefore, you must not add to their misfortune, by insulting or by ill treating them. If your situation is preferable to theirs, be thankful to God, without either despising them, or being vain of your better fortune. You must, therefore, treat all your inferiors with affability and good manners, and not speak to them in a surly tone, nor with harsh expressions, as if they were of a different species. A good heart never reminds people of their misfortune, but endeavours to alleviate, or, if possible, to make them forget it.

I am persuaded you will always act in that manner, otherwise I should not love you so much as I do. Adieu.

L E T T E R X.

A Isleworth, ce 19^{ieme} Sept. 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT,

JE suis très-content de votre dernière lettre; l'écriture en étoit fort bonne, et votre promesse étoit fort belle. Il la faut bien tenir, car un honnête homme n'a que sa parole. Vous m'assurez donc que vous vous souviendrez des instructions que je vous
donne;

donne ; cela suffit, car quoique vous ne les compreniez pas tout à fait, à présent, l'âge et la réflexion vous les débrouilleront avec le tems. Par rapport au contenu de votre lettre, je crois que vous avez eu bon secours, et je ne m'attends pas encore que vous puissiez bien faire une lettre tout seul ; mais il est bon pourtant d'essayer un peu, car il n'y a rien de plus nécessaire que de savoir bien écrire des lettres, et en effet il n'y a rien de plus facile ; la plus-part de ceux qui écrivent mal, c'est parcequ'ils veulent écrire mieux qu'ils ne peuvent, moyennant quoi ils écrivent d'une manière guindée et recherchée : au lieu que pour bien écrire, il faut écrire aisément et naturellement. Par exemple, si vous voulez m'écrire une lettre, il faut seulement penser à ce que vous me diriez si vous étiez avec moi, et puis l'écrire tout simplement, comme si vous me parliez. Je suppose, donc, que vous m'écriviez une lettre tout seul, et je m'imaginerai qu'elle seroit à peu près en ces termes :

Mon cher Papa,

J'AI été chez Monsieur Maittaire ce matin, où j'ai fort bien traduit de l'Anglois en Latin, et du Latin en Anglois, si bien qu'il a écrit à la fin, *Optimè*. J'ai aussi répété un verbe Grec, assez bien. Après cela j'ai couru chez moi comme un petit diable, et j'ai joué jusqu'à dîner ; mais alors l'affaire devint sérieuse, et j'ai mangé comme un loup, à quoi vous voyez que je me porte bien. Adieu.

Hé bien, voici une bonne lettre, et pourtant très-facile à écrire, parcequ'elle est tout naturelle. Tâ-

chez donc de m'écrire quelquefois de votre chef, sans vous embarrasser de la beauté de l'écriture, ou de l'exactitude des lignes ; pour vous donner le moins de peine qu'il est possible : et vous vous accoutumerez peu à peu, de la sorte, à écrire parfaitement bien, et sans peine. Adieu. Vous n'avez qu'à venir chez moi demain à midi, ou Vendredi matin à huit heures.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

Isleworth, September the 19th, 1739.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM very well pleased with your last letter. The writing was very good, and the promise you make exceedingly fine. You must keep it, for an honest man never breaks his word. You engage then to retain the instructions which I give you. That is sufficient, for though you do not thoroughly comprehend them at present, age and reflection will, in time, make you understand them.

With respect to the contents of your letter, I believe you have had proper assistance ; indeed I do not as yet expect that you can write a letter without help. You ought however to try, for nothing is more requisite than to write a good letter. Nothing in fact is more easy. Most persons who write ill, do so because they aim at writing better than they can, by which means they acquire a formal and unnatural style. Whereas, to write well, we must write easily and naturally. For instance, if you want to write a letter to me, you should only consider what you
would

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would say if you were with me, and then write it in plain terms, just as if you were conversing. I will suppose, then, that you sit down to write to me, unassisted, and I imagine your letter would probably be much in these words.

My dear Papa,

I HAVE been at Mr. Maittaire's this morning, where I have translated English into Latin, and Latin into English, and so well, that at the end of my exercise he has writ, *Optimè*. I have likewise repeated a Greek verb, and pretty well. After this I ran home like a little *wild boy*, and played till dinner-time. This became a serious task, for I eat like a wolf; and by that you may judge that I am in very good health. Adieu.

Well, Sir, the above is a good letter, and yet very easily written, because it is exceedingly natural. Endeavour then sometimes to write to me of yourself, without minding either the beauty of the writing or the straitness of the lines. Take as little trouble as possible. By that means you will by degrees use yourself to write perfectly well, and with ease. Adieu. Come to me to-morrow at twelve, or Friday morning at eight o'clock.

LETTER XI.

A Bath, ce 8^{le}me d'Octobre, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT,

JE suis charmé de toutes vos lettres ; celle que vous avez écrit tout seul, est très-naturelle, et par conséquent très-bonne. Votre traduction Angloise est aussi fort juste ; et pour celle en Latin, je ne la demande pas meilleure pour le peu de tems que vous avez appris cette langue. Enfin, jusqu'ici cela ne peut pas aller mieux ; continuez seulement. Je vous fais surtout mon compliment à l'occasion de l'*accuratissime* que Monsieur Maittaire a donné à vos derniers travaux : Ce sont-là de ces éloges qu'il est bien flatteur de mériter ; et je suis sur que vous avez senti plus de plaisir à ce seul mot, que vous n'en auriez eu à jouer deux heures de suite. En effet, quel plaisir n'a-t'on pas, quand on a bien fait son devoir en quelque chose que ce puisse être ! Il n'y a rien de tel qu'une bonne conscience, c'est la seule chose qui peut rendre tranquille ou heureux. A-propos, savez-vous ce que c'est que la conscience ? C'est ce que l'on sent en soi-même, de quelque chose qu'on a dit, ou qu'on a fait. Par exemple, si j'avois fait du mal à quelqu'un, ou si j'avois dit un mensonge, quoique je ne fusse pas découvert, pourtant je me sentirois coupable, et la conscience me tourmenteroit, et je serois malheureux. Vous aurez lu à coup sur, dans les Métamorphoses d'Ovide, la fable de Prométhée, qui pour former l'homme vola le feu du Ciel ; dont Jupiter le punit, en l'attachant sur le Mont Caucaze,

et

et en envoyant un vautour, qui lui ronge perpétuellement le foye. Cette fable est une allégorie ingénieuse pour marquer les tourmens perpétuels d'une mauvaise conscience. Prométhée avoit fait un vol ; et la vautour, qui lui ronge continuellement le foye, veut dire sa conscience, qui lui reproche perpétuellement son crime. Voilà ce qui s'appelle une Allégorie, quand on représente une chose par le moyen d'une autre. Les Poëtes se servent souvent de l'allégorie. Adieu.

Traduisez cette lettre en Anglois :

Mon cher Papa,

IL est vrai que vous me donnez des louanges, mais il est vrai aussi que vous me les faites payer ; car vous me faites travailler comme un forçat pour les acquérir. N'importe, on ne peut pas acheter la gloire trop cher. Voilà comme Alexandre le Grand a pensé ; et voilà comme pense aussi Philippe le Petit. Votre, &c.

Forçat en Anglois est, *a galley-slave*.

TRANSLATION.

Bath, October the 8th, 1739.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM charmed with all your letters ; that which you wrote without help is very natural, consequently very good. Your English translation is a very just one ; and as for the Latin, considering how short a time you have been learning that language, I

do not require it to be any better. In short, hitherto you have gone on as well as possible ; only continue. More particularly I congratulate you on the *accuratiffimè* which Mr. Maittaire has added to your last performances, and it is very flattering to be deserving of such commendations. I am sure that single word must have afforded you more pleasure than two hours play. Besides, how exceedingly satisfactory it is to have done one's duty in any respect ! Nothing is so comfortable as a good conscience ; that only can make us easy and happy. Pray do you know what conscience is ? It is what we feel when we have said or done any thing. For instance, if I had injured any person, or had told a lye, though I might not be found out, yet I should feel myself guilty ; conscience would torment me, and I must be unhappy. You have certainly read, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the fable of Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven to form man. Jupiter punished him, by chaining him to Mount Caucasus, and by sending a vulture, that incessantly gnaws his liver. This fable is an ingenious allegory, pointing out the perpetual torments of a bad conscience. Prometheus had stolen ; and the vulture, that continually gnaws his liver, means his conscience, which perpetually reproaches him with that crime. This is called an Allegory—when, to represent one thing, we do it by means of another. Poets often make use of allegories. Adieu.

Translate the following letter into English :

My

My dear Papa,

IT is true you do praise me, but it is also true that you make me earn those praises, by obliging me to work like a galley-slave. No matter, glory cannot be too dearly purchased : such were the sentiments of Alexander the Great, and such are those of Philip the Little.

L E T T E R , XII.

Bath, November the 5th, 1739.

DEAR-BOY,

I AM glad to hear that you went to see the Lord Mayor's Show, for I suppose it amused you, and besides, I would have you see every thing. It is a good way of getting knowledge, especially if you inquire carefully (as I hope you always do) after the meaning, and the particulars of every thing you see. You know then, to be sure, that the Lord Mayor is the head of the city of London, and that there is a new Lord Mayor chosen every year : that the city is governed by the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Common Council. There are six-and-twenty Aldermen, who are the most considerable tradesmen of the city. The Common Council is very numerous, and consists likewise of tradesmen ; who all belong to the several companies, that you saw march in the procession, with their colours and streamers. The Lord Mayor is chosen every year out of the Court of Aldermen. There are but two Lord Mayors in England ; one for the city of London, and

the other for the city of York. The Mayors of other towns are only called Mayors, not Lord Mayers. People who have seen little are apt to stare fillily, and wonder at every new thing they see; but a man who has been bred in the world looks at every thing with coolness and sedateness, and makes proper observations upon what he sees.

You need not write to me any more after you receive this, for I shall go away from hence on Saturday or Sunday next. But you may come to me in Grosvenor-Square, on Wednesday the 14th, at ten o'clock in the morning; where you shall find the things you bespoke, and something much better, as an additional reward for your learning well: for though people should not do well only for the sake of rewards, yet those who do well ought in justice to be rewarded. One should do well for the sake of doing well, and virtue is its own reward; that is, the consciousness of having done right makes one happy enough, even without any other reward. Consciousness means that real and inward judgment that every man forms of his own actions. For example, one says, I am not conscious of any guilt; that is, my heart does not tell me that I am guilty, I feel myself innocent: or, I am conscious that I deserve to be punished; that is, I feel that I have committed the fault for which I am to be punished. It comes from the Latin, *conscire*, and *consci*us. Horace says,

Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ :

Which means, to have nothing to reproach one's self
with,

with, and not to turn pale with the remorse of guilt.
He says too,

Mens conscia recti :

That is, a mind conscious of having done right ; the
greatest pleasure and happiness that any man can
have. Adieu.

L E T T E R XIII.

Tunbridge, August the 3d, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

YOU have done the verses I sent you very well,
excepting the last line, in which you have not
placed the words as the sense requires ; but even there
it appears that you have an ear for Poetry, because
the line runs as smoothly and as harmoniously, in the
order you have put the words, as it does in the true
order, which is necessary for the sense. There is
likewise one fault in your letter, but such a one as
many older persons than you are would have com-
mitted. It is where you say, that I may not accuse
you *with* being one of the Tubs of the Danaids ;
whereas you should have said *of*, instead of *with* :
of comes always after accuse, and *with* after reproach.
Thus, suppose it were possible for me to suspect that
you were ever giddy ; I must either say, I accuse
you *of* giddiness, or, I reproach you *with* giddiness.
In order to keep your ear in poetic tune, I send
you a couple of stanzas of Mr. Waller's to a lady,
who had sung a song to him of his own making, and

who sung it so well, that he fell in love with her. The sense of it in prose is this. When you vouchsafe, Chloris, to sing the song I made, you do it so well, that I am caught, like a spirit, in my own spell (that is enchantment). My fate is like that of an eagle, who, being shot with an arrow, observes his own feathers upon the arrow that kills him. I give you notice that the rhyme is alternate.

So you excel self your Chloris,
 You when thought breathe my vouchsafe to
 Spirit with this that spell like a
 My teaching own caught am of my, I.

Mine one are eagle's that fate and
 Who shaft made die that him on the
 Of feather own his a espied
 Us'd he which soar with to high so.

Shaft, I should tell you, is a poetical word for an arrow; and *soar* signifies to rise high in the air. The poets often speak of Cupid's shafts, meaning his arrows; the fatal shaft, the deadly shaft, are poetical expressions for an arrow that has wounded or killed any body. *Sagitta* is Latin for an arrow, and *arundo* is Latin for the iron point of the arrow. You will often find in the Latin Poets, *lethalis arundo*, that is, the deadly or the mortal point; *venenata sagitta*, that is, a poisoned arrow. Before gunpowder was invented, which is about three hundred years ago, people used to fight chiefly with bows and arrows.

Adieu! you are a very good boy.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I V .

DEAR BOY,

THE shortest and best way of learning a language, is to know the roots of it; that is, those original, primitive words, of which many other words are made, by adding a letter, or a preposition to them, or by some such small variation, which makes some difference in the sense: thus, you will observe, that the prepositions, *a, ab, abs, e, ex, pro, præ, per, inter, circum, super, trans,* and many others, when added to the primitive verb or noun, alter its signification accordingly; and when you have observed this in three or four instances, you will know it in all. It is likewise the same in the Greek, where, when you once know the roots, you will soon know the branches. Thus, in the paper I send you to get by heart, you will observe, that the verb *fero*, I carry, is the root of sixteen others, whose significations differ from the root, only by the addition of a letter or two, or a preposition; which letters or prepositions make the same alterations to all words to which they are added: as, for example, *ex*, which signifies out, when joined to *eo*, I go, makes I go out, *exeo*; when joined to *traho*, I draw, it makes I draw out, *extraho*; and so in all other cases of the same nature. The preposition *per*, which signifies thoroughly or completely, as well as *by*, when joined to a verb or a noun, adds that signification to it; when added to *fero*, I carry, it makes *perfero*, I carry thoroughly; when added to *facio*, I do,

do, it makes *perficio*, I finish, I do thoroughly, I complete: when added to nouns, it has the same effect; *difficilis*, hard, *perdifficilis*, thoroughly, completely hard; *jucundus*, agreeable, *perjucundus*, thoroughly agreeable. If you attend to these observations, it will save you a great deal of trouble in looking in the dictionary. As you are now pretty well master of most of the rules, what you chiefly want, both in Latin and Greek, is the words, in order to construe authors; and therefore I would advise you to write down, and learn by heart, every day, for your own amusement, besides what you do with Mr. Maittaire, ten words in Greek, Latin, and English, out of a dictionary or a vocabulary, which will go a great way in a year's time, considering the words you know already, and those you will learn besides in construing with Mr. Maittaire. Adieu.

L E T T E R X V .

DEAR BOY,

Tuesday.

I WISH I had as much reason to be satisfied with your remembering what you have once learned, as with your learning it; but what signifies your learning any thing soon, if you forget it as soon? Memory depends upon attention, and your forgetfulness proceeds singly from a want of attention. For example; I dare say, if I told you that such a day next week you should have something that you liked, you would certainly remember the day, and call upon me for it. And why? only because you would attend to it.

it. Now a Greek or a Latin verse is as easily retained as a day of the week, if you would give the same attention to it. I now remember, and can still repeat, all that I learnt when I was of your age; but it is because I then attended to it, knowing that a little attention would save me the trouble of learning the same things over and over again. A man will never do any thing well, that cannot command his attention immediately from one thing to another, as occasion requires. If while he is at his business he thinks of his diversions, or if while he is at his diversions he thinks of his business, he will succeed in neither, but do both very awkwardly. *Hoc age*, was a maxim among the Romans, which means, do what you are about, and do that only. A little mind is always hurried by twenty things at once; but a man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it; for whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Therefore remember to give yourself up entirely to the thing you are doing, be it what it will, whether your book or your play; for if you have a right ambition, you will desire to excel all boys of your age at cricket, or trap-ball, as well as in learning. You have one rival in learning, whom I am sure you ought to take particular care to excel, and that is your own picture. Remember what is written there, and consider what a shame it would be, if when you are *decennis*, you should not have got further than when you were *octennis*. Who would not take pains to avoid such a disgrace?

Another thing I must mention to you, which, though it be not of the same consequence, is, however, worth minding;

minding ; and that is, the trick you have got of looking close to your book, when you read, which is only a trick, for I am sure you are not short-sighted. It is an ugly trick, and has a dull look, and, over and above, will spoil your eyes ; therefore always hold your book as far off as you can when you read, and you will soon come to read at a great distance. These little things are not to be neglected ; for the very best things receive some addition, by a genteel and graceful manner of doing them. Demosthenes, the famous Grecian orator, being asked which were the three principal parts of an orator ; answered, action, action, action ; meaning, that the force and persuasion of an orator, consisted a great deal in his graceful action, and good elocution.

Adieu ! you may come to me to-morrow morning, before you go to Mr. Maittaire.

L E T T E R X V I .

Spa, August the 8th, N. S.

DEAR BOY,

I Always write to you with pleasure, when I can write to you with kindness ; and with pain, when I am obliged to chide. You should, therefore, for my sake as well as your own, apply and behave yourself in such a manner, that I might always receive good accounts of you. The last I had from Mr. Maittaire was so good a one, that you and I are at present extremely well together ; and I depend upon your taking care, that we shall continue so.

I am

I am sure you now hear a great deal of talk about the Queen of Hungary, and the wars which she is and will be engaged in; it is therefore right that you should know a little of that matter. The last Emperor, Charles the VIth, who was father to this Queen of Hungary, was the last male of the House of Austria; and fearing that, as he had no sons, his dominions might at his death be divided between his daughters, and consequently weakened, he settled them all upon his eldest daughter, the Queen of Hungary, by a public act, which is called the Pragmatic Sanction. So that at the death of the Emperor she succeeded to Austria, Bohemia, Silesia, Hungary, Transylvania, Stiria, Carinthia, and the Tirol, in Germany; to all Flanders; and to Parma, Placentia, Milan, and Mantua, in Italy, besides Tuscany, which is her husband's. The House of Austria is descended from Rodolph Count of Hapsbourg, who, about seven hundred years ago, acquired the Dutchy of Austria. His descendants, partly by conquest, and partly by advantageous marriages, increased their dominions so considerably, that Charles the Vth, who was Emperor about two hundred years ago, was at once in possession of the Empire, Spain, the West-Indies, almost all Italy, and the Seventeen Provinces, which before that time composed the Dutchy of Burgundy. When he grew old, he grew weary of government, retired into a monastery in Spain, and divided his dominions between his son Philip the Second, King of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand, who was elected Emperor in his room. To his son Philip, he gave Spain and the West-Indies, Italy, and the Seventeen Provinces.

To

To his brother, all he had in Germany. From that time to this, the Emperors have constantly been elected out of the House of Austria, as the best able to defend, and support the dignity of the empire. The Duke of Tuscany, who by his wife, the Queen of Hungary, is now in possession of many of those dominions, wants to be chosen Emperor: but France, that was always jealous of the power of the House of Austria, supports the Elector of Bavaria, and wants to have him get some of those dominions from the Queen of Hungary, and be chosen Emperor: for which purpose they have now sent an army into Bavaria to his assistance. This short account may enable you to talk the politics now in fashion; and if you have a mind to be more particularly informed about the House of Austria, look in your historical dictionary for Rodolphe de Hapsbourg, Autriche, and Charlequint. As Charles the Fifth inherited Spain by his mother, and the Seventeen Provinces by his grandmother, who being only daughter of the last Duke of Burgundy, brought them in marriage to his grandfather the Emperor Maximilian; the following distich was made upon the good fortune of the House of Austria in their marriages:

*Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

And so good night to you, my young politician.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVII.

Paris, Nov. the 4th, N. S. 1741.

DEAR BOY,

OUR correspondence has been for some time suspended, by the hurry and dissipation of this place, which left me no time to write ; and it will soon cease entirely by my return to England, which will be, I believe, in about a fortnight. I own I am impatient to see the great progress which I am persuaded you have made, both in your learning and behaviour, during my six months absence. I join behaviour with learning, because it is almost as necessary ; and they should always go together, for their mutual advantage. Mere learning, without good-breeding, is pedantry, and good-breeding without learning is but frivolous ; whereas learning adds solidity to good-breeding, and good-breeding gives charms and graces to learning.

This place is, without dispute, the seat of true good-breeding ; the people here are civil without ceremony, and familiar without rudeness. They are neither disagreeably forward, nor awkwardly bashful and shame-faced ; they speak to their superiors with as little concern, and as much ease, though with more respect, as to their inferiors ; and they speak to their inferiors with as much civility, though less respect, as to their superiors. They despise us, and with reason, for our ill-breeding ; on the other hand, we despise them for their want of learning, and we
are

are in the right of it ; so that you see the sure way to be admired by both nations, is to join learning and good-breeding. As to learning, consider that you have now but one year more with Mr. Maittaire, before you go to Westminster School, and that your credit will depend upon the place you are put in there at first ; and if you can, at under eleven years old, be put in the fourth form, above boys of thirteen or fourteen, it will give people very favourable impressions of you, and be of great advantage to you for the future. As to good-breeding, you cannot attend to it too soon, or too much ; it must be acquired while young, or it is never quite easy : and if acquired young, will always last and be habitual. Horace says, *quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem testa diu* : to show the advantage of giving people good habits and impressions in their youth. I say nothing to you now as to honour, virtue, truth, and all moral duties, which are to be strictly observed at all ages and at all times ; because I am sure you are convinced of the indispensable necessity of practising them all ; and of the infamy, as well as the guilt, of neglecting or acting contrary to any of them. May you excel in them all, that you may be loved by every body, as much as you are hitherto by your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR BOY.

SINCE you are now in Modern History, it is necessary you should have a general notion of the origin of all the present kingdoms and governments of Europe, which are the objects of Modern History.

The Romans, as you very well know, were masters of all Europe, as well as of great part of Asia and Africa, till the third and fourth centuries, that is about fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago; at which time the Goths broke in upon them, beat them, made themselves masters of all Europe, and founded the several kingdoms of it.

These Goths were originally the inhabitants of the northern part of Europe, called Scandinavia, north of Sweden; part of which is to this day called Gothland, and belongs to Sweden. They were extremely numerous, and extremely poor; and finding that their own barren, cold country was unable to support such great numbers of them, they left it, and went out in swarms to seek their fortunes in better countries. When they came into the northern parts of Germany, they beat those who opposed them, and received those who were willing to join them, as many of those northern people did; such as the Vandals, the Huns, the Franks, who are all comprehended under the general name of Goths. Those who went westward
were

were called the Visigoths ; and those who went eastward, the Ostrogoths. Thus increasing in numbers and strength, they entirely subverted the Roman empire, and made themselves masters of all Europe ; and from hence Modern History begins. That part of the Goths, who were called the Franks, settled themselves in Gaul, and called it France ; the Angli, another set of them, came over here into Britain, since which time it is called England.

The Goths were a brave but barbarous nation. War was their whole business, and they had not the least notion of arts, sciences, and learning ; on the contrary they had an aversion to them, and destroyed, wherever they went, all books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, and all records and monuments of former times ; which is the cause that we have so few of those things now remaining : and at this time, a man that is ignorant of, and despises arts and sciences, is proverbially called a Goth, or a Vandal.

The Gothic form of government was a wise one ; for though they had kings, their kings were little more than generals in time of war, and had very little power in the civil government ; and could do nothing without the consent of the principal people, who had regular assemblies for that purpose : from whence our Parliaments are derived.

Europe continued, for many centuries, in the grossest and darkest ignorance, under the government of the Goths ; till at last, in the fifteenth century, that is about three hundred years ago, learning, arts, and sciences, revived a little ; and soon afterwards flourished under Pope Leo X. in Italy, and under Francis

Francis I. in France : what ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts had escaped the fury of the Goths and Vandals, were then recovered and published ; and painting and sculpture were carried to their highest perfection. What contributed the most to the improvement of learning, was the invention of printing, which was discovered at Haerlem in Holland, in the fifteenth century, in the year 1440, which is just three hundred years ago. Adieu !

Look in your Dictionary for the following Articles ;

Goths,
Visigoths,
Ostrogoths,
Vandales,
Alaric.

L E T T E R X I X .

MON CHER ENFANT,

CONTINUONS aujourd'hui sur le sujet de l'Espagne, et voyons-en quelques particularités qu'il est bonne que vous n'ignoriez pas.

C'est un très-grand et très-beau pays, peuplé et cultivé à-demi, par les raisons que je vous ai marquées dans ma dernière *.

* Cette Lettre ne se trouve point.

Elle est divisée en plusieurs provinces, qui étoient autrefois des royaumes séparés. Valence est la plus belle et la plus fertile, et produit des fruits et des vins excellens.

La province d'Andalousie, est célèbre pour ses chevaux, qui sont les plus beaux et les meilleurs de l'Europe. Elle produit aussi la meilleure laine, dont nous nous servons ici pour faire nos fins draps.

La ville de Gibraltar, qui nous appartient, s'appelloit du tems des Romains *Gades*, et ce petit détroit de mer que vous voyez dans la carte, entre Gibraltar et l'Afrique, s'appelloit *Fretum Gaditanum*. La fable a rendu cette ville fameuse, parce qu'on prétend qu'Hercule finit là ses courses, et qu'il y érigea deux piliers, sur lesquels il écrivit, qu'on ne pouvoit pas aller plus loin ; *Ne plus ultra* ; se croyant au bout du monde.

L'Espagne avoit autrefois plusieurs mines d'or et d'argent, dont les Romains tirèrent des sommes immenses, mais elles sont épuisées depuis long-tems : celles du Perou et du Mexique y suppléent abondamment.

Les Espagnols sont fiers et fastueux en tout. Le roi se signe toujours, Moi le Roi, *Yo el Rey*, comme s'il n'y avoit pas d'autre roi au monde ; et les enfans du roi s'appellent les *Infantes*, comme s'il n'y avoit pas d'autres enfans au monde. Le conseil du roi s'appelle la *Junta*. La ville capitale de l'Espagne est Madrid.

L'Espagne étoit autrefois assez libre, et il y avoit des assemblées des gens les plus considérables, qui avoient de grands privilèges, à-peu-près comme nos Parlemens.

Parlemens. On appelloit ces assemblées *las Cortes* ; mais il n'en est plus question à présent ; et le roi est absolu.

Faites attention à toutes ces choses, et souvenez-vous-en. On ne les apprend pas ordinairement à l'école ; et on ne les fait que par la lecture et l'usage du monde, quand on est homme. Mais si vous voulez vous y appliquer un peu, vous en saurez plus au sortir de l'école, que les autres n'en savent à vingt ans. Adieu ! Travaillez bien. César ne pouvoit pas souffrir son égal à Rome ; pourquoi en souffririez vous à l'école ?

T R A N S L A T I O N.

MY DEAR BOY,

LET us now resume the subject upon Spain, and treat of some particulars of which it is proper you should be informed.

Spain is a very fine country, and of great extent, not above half peopled, nor above half cultivated ; for the reasons which I mentioned to you in my last letter *.

It is divided into several provinces, which formerly were so many distinct kingdoms. Valencia, of all of them, is the most beautiful and fertile, producing excellent wines, and delicious fruit.

The province of Andalusia is celebrated for its horses, the finest shaped, and the best of any in Europe. It likewise produces the very best wool, which we make use of here in manufacturing our superfine cloths.

* This Letter is wanting.

The town of Gibraltar, which belongs to us, was called in the time of the Romans, *Gades* ; and that small streight, which you see on the map, between Gibraltar and Africa, was named *Fretum Gaditanum*. Fable has rendered that town famous ; for it is pretended that Hercules terminated there his excursions, and that he erected two pillars, on which he wrote, that there was no going any further ; *Ne plus ultra* ; thinking himself at the end of the world.

Spain had anciently many gold and silver mines, out of which the Romans extracted prodigious sums ; but they have been long since exhausted : those of Peru and Mexico compensate for them abundantly.

The Spaniards are haughty and pompous in every thing. The king always signs himself, I the King, *Yo el Rey*, as if he were the only king in the world ; and the king's children are stiled the *Infants*, as if there were no other infants in the world. The king's council is called *Junta*. The capital city of Spain is Madrid.

Spain was formerly a free country. Assemblies used to be held there of the most considerable people, who enjoyed great privileges ; something like our Parliaments. Those assemblies were named *las Cortes*, but they are of little authority at present ; the king is absolute.

Give attention to all these things, and try to remember them. They are seldom learned at school, and are acquired mostly by reading and conversation, when we are become men ; but if you will only apply yourself, you will know more of them at your leaving school, than other young gentlemen do at twenty years of age. Farewell ! Work hard. Cæsar could

not

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. 51
not bear an equal at Rome ; why should you bear an
equal at school ?

LETTER XX.

[Ce qui suit est le commencement de la Description
Géographique de l'Asie, qui ne se trouve point
dans l'édition in-12mo, vol. i. p. 188.]

A S I E.

L'ASIE étoit la plus grande, et la plus célèbre
partie de l'ancien monde. Adam, le premier
homme, y fut créé, et les premières grandes monar-
chies y commencèrent, comme celles des Assyriens,
des Medes, et des Perses. Les Arts et les Sciences y
furent aussi inventés. L'Asie est divisée à cette heure
en six grandes parties :

La Turquie,
La Perse,
L'Empire du Mogol, ou l'Indostan,
La Chine,
La Tartarie,
Les Isles Asiatiques.

La Turquie en Asie contient un nombre infini de
pays, qui étoient très-célebres autrefois, mais qui ne
sont connus à présent que par les marchandises qui en
viennent. Presque tous les pays dont vous entendez
parler dans la Bible, sont à cette heure partie de la
Turquie ; entre autres la Palestine, où il y a la fa-
meuse ville de Jerusalem, le siege des anciens rois de
Judée : Solomon y bâtit, par l'ordre de Dieu, le

Temple des Juifs. La ville de Jerusalem fut détruite par Titus, Empereur Romain.

TRANSLATION.

[The following is the beginning of the Geographical Description of Asia, wanting in the duodecimo edition, vol. i. p. 189.]

ASIA.

ASI A was the largest and the most celebrated part of the ancient world. Adam, the first man, was created there ; and in it the first great monarchies had their rise, namely, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians. The Arts and Sciences were also invented there. Asia is at present divided into six great parts :

Turkey,
Persia,
The Empire of the Mogul, or Indostan,
China,
Tartary,
The Asiatic Islands.

Turkey in Asia contains an infinite number of countries formerly of great celebrity ; but now of note only on account of the merchandize which comes from thence. Almost every place mentioned in the Bible makes a part of Turkey ; among the rest Palestine, of which the capital is the famous city of Jerusalem, the seat of the ancient kings of Judah ; there, by God's command, Solomon built the temple of the Jews. The city of Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus the Roman Emperor.

LETTER

L E T T E R X X I.

DEAR BOY,

IN my last letter we travelled no further than Arabia, but now we will go still more eastward, and visit Persia; which is at present a very great and rich country, though it does not now make the same figure in the world that it did in antiquity. It was then the greatest kingdom in the known world, and the enemy that Greece dreaded the most, till it was conquered by Alexander the Great, in the reign of Darius. It had then four famous great cities, Ecbatana, Susa, Persepolis, and Babylon. Persepolis was burned to ashes by Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit, at the instigation of his mistress, Thais, who prevailed with him to go with a lighted flambeau in his hand, and set fire to the town himself. The chief town of Persia at present is Ispahan; and the King of Persia is called the Sophi of Persia, who is now Thamas Kouli Kan. Persia produces great quantities of silk and cotton; the cotton grows upon shrubs, or bushes, of about three feet high. The Persian horses are the best in the world, even better than the Arabian. The Persians have likewise great numbers of camels, which are animals much taller and stronger than horses, with great lumps upon the middle of their backs; they can bear vast burdens, and can live without drinking. We bring a great many silks and cotton stuffs here from Persia, and particularly carpets for floors, which are much finer

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than

than the Turkey carpets. The Persians are of the Mahometan, that is, the Turkish religion ; with this difference only, that the Persians look upon Hali, a disciple of Mahomet's, as the greatest Prophet, whereas the Turks hold Mahomet to be the greatest. The ancient Persians worshipped the Sun. The government of Persia, like all the eastern kingdom, is absolute and despotic ; the people are slaves, and the kings tyrants. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR BOY,

ON the east of Persia you will find, in the map, Indostan, or the country of the Great Mogul ; which is a most extensive, fruitful, and rich country. The two chief towns are, Agra and Delhi ; and the two great rivers are, the Indus and the Ganges. This country, as well as Persia, produces great quantities of silks and cottons : we trade with it very much, and our East India Company has a great settlement at Fort St. George. There are also great mines of diamonds, of which the Mogul takes the best for himself ; and the others are sold, and most of them brought into Europe. There are likewise many elephants, whose teeth make the ivory that you see here. The Sophi of Persia, Thamas Kouli Kan, has lately conquered this country, and carried off many millions in jewels and money. The great Empire of China joins on the east to Indostan ; the two principal towns
of

of which are, Peking in the north, and Nanking in the south, as you will see in the map. We carry on a great trade with China, at the sea-port town of Canton, from whence we bring all our tea and china. China was conquered about a hundred years ago by the Tartars, who have settled in China, and made it the seat of empire. The Chinese are a very ingenious, polite people. China is reckoned the most populous country in the world. Beyond China, to the east, you will find the kingdom of Japan, which is an island, or rather a great number of islands together which are called Japan: Jedo is the chief town. It produces gold and silver, and that fine wood, of which you see screens, cabinets, and tea-tables. It also produces a fine-coloured china, which is called Japan china, to distinguish it from the Chinese china. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXIII.

NORTH of Persia, Indostan, and China, you will find, at the top of the map of Asia, Tartary; which is a country of prodigious extent. The northern parts of it are extremely barren, and full of deserts; some of the southern parts of it are tolerably good. The people are extremely rude and barbarous, living chiefly upon raw flesh, and lying generally upon the ground, or at best in tents. This vast country is divided into several principalities; but all those Princes are dependent upon one, who is called the Great Cham of Tartary. The commodi-

- ties that are brought from thence into Europe are, furs, flax, musk, manna, rhubarb, and other physical plants.

Another part of Asia, and the only one which we have not yet mentioned, is Turkey in Asia, which comprehends all those provinces in Asia that are under the empire of the Great Turk. They are only considerable at present from their extent ; for they are poor, and little inhabited, upon account of the tyranny of the Turkish government,

Having done with Asia for the present, we will return to Africa, where hitherto we have only examined Egypt. Africa is, as you know, one of the four quarters of the world ; and is divided into nine principal parts, which are, Egypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Zaara, Nigritia, Guinea, Nubia, and Ethiopia. The Africans are the most ignorant and unpolished people in the world, little better than the lions, tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, which that country produces in great numbers,

The most southern part of Africa is the Cape of Good Hope, where the Dutch have a settlement, and where our ships stop always, in their way to the East-Indies. This is in the country of the Hottentots, the most savage people in the whole world. The Africans that lie near the Mediterranean sea sell their children for slaves, to go to the West-Indies ; and likewise sell all those prisoners that they take in war. We buy a great many of them to sell again to advantage in the West-Indies.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXIV.

Bath, July the 24th, 1742.

DEAR BOY,

IF you have as much pleasure in deserving and receiving praise, as I have in giving it you, when you do deserve it, this letter will be very agreeable to you, for I write it merely to give you your just commendations for your theme, which I received this morning. The diction, in all the three languages. is better than I could have expected: the English, particularly, is not inelegant; the thoughts are just and sensible; and the historical examples with which you illustrate them, are apt and pertinent. I showed your performance to some men of letters here, and at the same time told them your age; at both which, considered together, they expressed great satisfaction, and some surprize; and said, that if you went on at this rate, but for five or six years longer, you would distinguish yourself extremely, and become very considerable; but then they added (for I must tell you all) that they observed many forward boys stop short on a sudden, from giddiness and inattention, and turn out great blockheads at last. I answered for you, that this would not happen to you, for that you was thoroughly sensible of the usefulness and necessity of knowledge; that you knew it could not be acquired without pains and attention; and that you knew too, that the next four or five years were the only time of

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your

your life in which you could acquire it. Of this, I must confess, they doubted a little, and desired I would remember to show them some of your exercises a year hence, which I promised I would do: so, pray take care to advance, lest what is so much to your honour now, should then prove to your disgrace. *Non progredi est regredi*, is a very true maxim in most things, but is particularly true with regard to learning. I am very glad Mr. Maittaire puts you upon making themes, for that will use you to think, and your writing them in English, as well as in Latin and Greek, will improve you in your own language, and teach you both to write and speak it with purity and elegance, which it is most absolutely necessary to do; for though indeed the justness and strength of the thoughts are the most material points, and that words are but the dress of thoughts, yet, as a very handsome man or woman may be disfigured, and rendered even disagreeable, by an awkward, slovenly, and ragged dress, so good thoughts may lose great part of their beauty, if expressed in low, improper, and inelegant words. People mistake very much, who imagine that they must of course speak their own language well, and that therefore they need not study it, or attend to it: but you will soon find how false this way of reasoning is, if you observe the English spoken by almost all English people who have no learning. Most women, and all the ordinary people in general, speak in open defiance of all grammar, use words that are not English, and murder those that are; and though indeed they make themselves understood, they do it so disagreeably, that what they say seldom makes amends
for

for their manner of saying it. I have this day received a letter from Mr. Maittaire, in which he gives me a better account of you than usual ; which pleases me so much, that you shall be well rewarded for it when I see you ; that will be before it is very long, so you need not write to me any more. Adieu.

As you are now in a way of themes, I send you this to exercise your thoughts upon against I come to town.

Sapere, et fari quæ sentiat.

It is in an Epistle from Horace to Tibullus ; if you read the whole Epistle, which is a short and an easy one, with Mr. Maittaire, you will see how those words are introduced ; then you will consider what are the advantages, and the means of acquiring them. If you can illustrate them by the examples of some who possessed those talents eminently, it will do well. And if you can find out a simile, very applicable to the possession, or the want of those talents, it will adorn the composition.

L E T T E R XXV.

[The following is that part of the Epitome of the History of England, which is wanting in the duodecimo edition, vol. i. p. 197.]

E N G L A N D was originally called Britain, when the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, first invaded it: the Romans continued in Britain about four hundred years.

The Romans quitted Britain of themselves; and then the Scotch, who went by the name of Picts (from *pingere*, to paint) because they painted their skins, attacked the Britains, and beat them; upon which the Britains called over the Angli, a people of Saxony. to their assistance against the Picts. The Angli came and beat the Picts; but then beat the Britains too, and made themselves masters of the kingdom, which from their own name they called Anglia, from whence, it was called England.

These Saxons divided England into seven kingdoms; which were called the Saxon Heptarchy, from *ἑπτα*, seven, and *αρχων*, chief.

Afterwards the Danes invaded England, and made themselves masters of it; but were soon driven out again, and the Saxon government restored.

The last invasion of England was by the Normans, under William the Conqueror, in 1066; that is, about seven hundred years ago.

Though

Though William came in by conquest, he did not pretend to govern absolutely as a Conqueror, but thought it his safest way to conform himself to the constitution of this country. He was a great man.

His son, William Rufus, so called because he had red hair, succeeded him. He was killed accidentally by one of his own people as he was hunting. He died without children, and was succeeded by his younger brother, Henry the First.

Henry the First was a great king. As he had no sons, he was succeeded by his nephew Stephen.

Stephen was attacked by the Empress Maud, who was daughter to Henry the First, and had consequently a better right to the crown than Stephen. He agreed to a treaty with her, by which she let him reign for his life; and he obliged himself to settle the crown after his death upon her son Henry the Second, who in effect succeeded him.

Henry the Second was a very great king; he conquered Ireland, and annexed it to the Crown of England. He was succeeded by his son, Richard the First.

Richard the First was remarkable by nothing but by his playing the fool in a Croisado to Jerusalem; a prevailing folly of those times, when the Christians thought to merit Heaven, by taking Jerusalem from the Turks. He was succeeded by John.

King John was oppressive and tyrannical; so that the people rose against him, and obliged him to give them a charter, confirming all their liberties and privileges: which charter subsists to this day, and is called Magna Charta.

Charta. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Third.

Henry the Third had a long but troublesome reign, being in perpetual disputes with the people and the nobles; sometimes beating, sometimes beaten. He was succeeded by his son, Edward the First.

Edward the First was one of the greatest kings of England. He conquered the principality of Wales, and annexed it to the Crown of England; since which time the eldest son of the King of England has always been Prince of Wales. He beat the Scotch several times. Many of our best laws were made in his reign. His son, Edward the Second, succeeded him.

Edward the Second was a wretched, weak creature, and always governed by favourites; so that he was deposed, put into prison, and soon afterwards put to death.

His son, Edward the Third, succeeded him; and was one of the greatest kings England ever had. He declared war with France; and with an army of thirty thousand men, beat the French army of sixty thousand men, at the famous battle of Crecy, in Picardy, where above thirty thousand French were killed. His son, who was called the Black Prince, beat the French again at the battle of Poitiers, and took the King of France prisoner. The French had above three score thousand men, and the Black Prince had but eight thousand. This King founded the Order of the Garter. His son, the Black Prince, died before him, so that he was succeeded by his grandson, Richard the Second, son to the Black Prince.

This

This Richard the Second had none of the virtues of his father, or grandfather, but was governed by favourites ; was profuse, necessitous, and endeavoured to make himself absolute ; so that he was deposed, put into prison, and soon after put to death by Henry the Fourth, who succeeded him, and who was the first of the House of Lancaster.

Henry the Fourth was descended from Edward the Third, by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and had consequently no hereditary right to the Crown. He beat both the Scotch and the Welsh. He was a considerable man.

Henry the Fifth, his son, succeeded him ; and was, without dispute, one of the greatest kings of England ; though he promised little while he was Prince of Wales, for he led a dissolute and riotous life, even robbing sometimes upon the highway. But, as soon as he came to the throne, he left those shameful courses, declared war to France, and entirely routed the French army, six times more numerous than his own, at the famous battle of Agincourt, in Picardy. He died before he had completed the conquest of France ; and was succeeded by his son, Henry the Sixth, a minor, who was left under the guardianship of his uncles, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester.

Henry the Sixth was so little like his father, that he soon lost all that his father had got ; and, though crowned King of France, at Paris, was driven out of France ; and, of all his father's conquests, retained only Calais. It was a remarkable accident that gave the first turn to the successes of the English, in France. They were besieging the town of Orleans, when an ordinary

ordinary girl, called Joanne d'Arques, took it into her head that God had appointed her to drive the English out of France. Accordingly she attacked, at the head of the French troops, and entirely beat the English. The French call her, *La Pucelle d'Orleans*. She was afterwards taken by the English, and shamefully burnt for a witch. Henry had not better success in England, for being a weak man himself, and entirely governed by his wife, he was deposed by Edward the Fourth, of the House of York, who had the hereditary right to the Crown.

Edward the Fourth did nothing considerable, except against the Scotch, whom he beat. He intended to have attempted the recovery of France, but was prevented by his death. He left two sons under age; the eldest of which was proclaimed King, by the name of Edward the Fifth. But the Duke of Gloucester, their uncle and guardian, murdered them both, to make way for himself to the throne. He was Richard the Third, commonly called Crook-Back Richard, because he was crooked.

Richard the Third was so cruel and sanguinary, that he soon became universally hated. Henry the Seventh, of the House of Lancaster, profited of the general hatred of the people to Richard; raised an army, and beat Richard, at the battle of Bosworth-field, in Leicestershire, where Richard was killed.

Henry the Seventh was proclaimed King, and soon after married the daughter of Edward the Fourth; re-uniting thereby the pretensions of both the Houses of York and Lancaster; or, as they were then called, the White Rose, and the Red. The white rose, being
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the arms of the House of York; and the red rose, the arms of the House of Lancaster. Henry the Seventh was a fullen, cunning, and covetous King, oppressing his subjects to squeeze money out of them; and accordingly died unlamented, and immensely rich.

Henry the Eighth succeeded his father. His reign deserves your attention, being full of remarkable events, particularly that of the Reformation.

He was as profuse, as his father was avaricious, and soon spent in idle show and pleasures the great sums his father left him. He was violent and impetuous in all his passions, in satisfying which he stopped at nothing. He had married, in his father's life-time, Catherine, Princess of Spain, the widow of his elder brother Prince Arthur; but growing weary of her, and being in love with Anne Boleyn, he was resolved to be divorced from his wife, in order to marry Anne. The Pope would not consent to this divorce; at which Henry was so incensed, that he threw off the Pope's authority in England, declared himself head of the church, and divorced himself. You must know that in those days of Popery and ignorance, the Pope pretended to be above all kings, and to depose them when he thought proper. He was universal head of the church, and disposed of bishoprics and ecclesiastical matters in every country in Europe. To which unreasonable pretensions all princes had been fools enough more or less to submit. But Henry put an end to those pretensions in England; and resolved to retain no part of Popery that was inconsistent either with his passions, or his interest; in consequence of which, he dissolved the monasteries and religious houses
in

in England, took away their estates, kept some for himself, and distributed the rest among the considerable people of this country. This was the beginning of the Reformation in England, and happened about two hundred years ago. As it is necessary you should know what the Reformation is, I must tell you, that a little more than two hundred years ago, all Europe were Papists, till one Martin Luther, a German Augustine Monk, began in Germany to reform religion from the errors, absurdities, and superstitions of Popery. Many German princes, particularly the Elector of Saxony, embraced his doctrine, and protested against the Church of Rome, from whence they were called Protestants. Read the article Luther in your dictionary.

To return to Henry the Eighth; he married six wives, one after another, two of which he beheaded for adultery, and put away two because he did not like them. He was for some time governed absolutely by his first minister, Cardinal Wolsey; who was at last disgraced, and broke his heart.

He was succeeded by his son, Edward the Sixth, who was but nine years old; but his guardians being Protestants, the Reformation was established in England. He died at fifteen years old, and was succeeded by his half sister Mary.

Queen Mary was the daughter of Henry the Eighth, by his first wife, Catherine of Spain. She was a zealous and cruel Papist, imprisoned and burnt the Protestants, and did all she could to root out the Reformation in England; but did not reign long enough to do it. She was married to Philip the Second of Spain,

Spain; but having no children, was succeeded by her sister Queen Elizabeth.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is, without dispute, the most glorious in the English history. She established the Reformation, encouraged trade and manufactures, and carried the nation to a pitch of happiness and glory it had never seen before, and has never seen since. She defeated the fleet which Philip the Second of Spain sent to invade England, and which he called the Invincible Armada. She assisted the Dutch, who had revolted from the tyranny of the same king's government; and contributed to the establishment of the republic of the United Provinces. She was the support of the Protestant cause in Europe. In her reign we made our first settlement in America, which was Virginia, so called from her, because she was a virgin, and never married. She beheaded her cousin Mary Queen of Scotland, who was continually forming plots to dethrone her, and usurp the kingdom. She reigned four-and-forty years, with glory to herself, and advantage to her kingdom. Lord Burleigh was her wife and honest minister during almost her whole reign. As she died without children, she was succeeded by her nearest relation, King James the First, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded.

With King James the First the family of the Stuarts came to the throne, and supplied England successively with four very bad Kings. King James had no one of the virtues of his predecessor Queen Elizabeth, but had all the faults and vices that a man, *or even a king*, can have. He was a most notorious coward and liar,
a formal

a formal pedant; thinking and calling himself wise, without being so in any degree; wanting always to make himself absolute, without either parts or courage to compass it. He was the bubble of his favourites, whom he enriched, and always in necessity himself. His reign was inglorious and shameful, and laid the foundation of all the mischief that happened under the reign of his son and successor King Charles the First.

Observe, that till King James the First, Scotland had its own Kings, and was independent of England; but he being king of Scotland when Queen Elizabeth died, England and Scotland have from that time been united under the same kings.

L E T T E R XXVI.

DEAR BOY,

Tuesday.

GOOD-breeding is so important an article in life, and so absolutely necessary for you, if you would please, and be well received in the world, that I must give you another lecture upon it, and possibly this will not be the last neither.

I only mentioned, in my last, the general rules of common civility, which whoever does not observe, will pass for a bear, and be as unwelcome as one, in company; and there is hardly any body brutal enough not to answer when they are spoke to, or not to say, Sir, My Lord, or, Madam, according to the rank of the
people

people they speak to. But it is not enough not to be rude ; you should be extremely civil, and distinguished for your good-breeding. The first principle of this good-breeding is never to say any thing that you think can be disagreeable to any body in company ; but, on the contrary, you should endeavour to say what will be agreeable to them ; and that in an easy and natural manner, without seeming to study for compliments. There is likewise such a thing as a civil look, and a rude look ; and you should look civil, as well as be so ; for if, while you are saying a civil thing, you look gruff and surly, as most English bumpkins do, nobody will be obliged to you for a civility that seemed to come so unwillingly. If you have occasion to contradict any body, or to set them right from a mistake, it would be very brutal to say, *That is not so ; I know better ; or, you are out ;* but you should say, with a civil look, *I beg your pardon, I believe you mistake ; or, If I may take the liberty of contradicting you, I believe it is so and so ;* for, though you may know a thing better than other people, yet it is very shocking to tell them so directly, without something to soften it : but remember particularly, that whatever you say or do, with ever so civil an intention, a great deal consists in the manner and the look, which must be genteel, easy, and natural, and is easier to be felt than described.

Civility is particularly due to all women ; and remember, that no provocation whatsoever can justify any man in not being civil to every woman ; and the greatest man in England would justly be reckoned a brute, if he were not civil to the meanest woman.

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It is due to their sex, and is the only protection they have against the superior strength of ours; nay, even a little flattery is allowable with women; and a man may, without any meanness, tell a woman that she is either handsomer or wiser than she is. I repeat it again to you, observe the French people, and mind how easily and naturally civil their address is, and how agreeably they insinuate little civilities in their conversation. They think it so essential, that they call an honest man and a civil man by the same name, of *bonnête homme*; and the Romans called civility *humanitas*, as thinking it inseparable from humanity. As nobody can instruct you in good-breeding better than your Mama, be sure you mind all she says to you upon that subject, and depend upon it, that your reputation and success in the world will, in a great measure, depend upon the degree of good-breeding you are master of. You cannot begin too early to take that turn, in order to make it natural and habitual to you; which it is to very few Englishmen, who, neglecting it while they are young, find out too late, when they are old, how necessary it is, and then cannot get it right. There is hardly a French cook that is not better bred than most Englishmen of quality, and that cannot present himself with more ease, and a better address, in any mixed company. Remember to practise all this, and then, with the learning which I hope you will have, you may arrive at what I reckon almost the perfection of human nature, English knowledge with French good-breeding. Adieu!

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XXVII.

Cheltenham, June the 25th, 1743.

DEAR BOY,

THIS morning I received your letter of the 23d of June, and not of July, as you had dated it. I am very glad you have had that troublesome tooth drawn; you will now, I dare say, be perfectly easy, and have no more interruptions, I hope, from school. I send you back your theme, the sense of which I am very well satisfied with; I have corrected the English of it, which corrections I desire you will observe and remember. Though propriety and accuracy are commendable in every language, they are particularly necessary in one's own; and distinguish people of fashion and education from the illiterate vulgar. Those who speak and write a language with purity and elegance, have a great advantage over even those who are free from faults, but have yet no beauty nor happiness of style and expression. Cicero says, very truly, that it is a great ornament and advantage to excel other men in that particular quality in which men excel beasts, Speech. Direct your next to me here, and after that to Bath. Adieu! and, in proportion as you deserve it, I shall always be, Your's.

L E T T E R

LETTER XXVIII.

Bath, July the 16th, 1743.

DEAR BOY,

I RECEIVED, this morning, your letter and theme, both which were so much better written than the former, that I almost read them at sight. It is therefore plain that you could do better than you did, and I am sure you can do better still, and desire that you will be pleased to do so. I send you back your letter for the sake of two gross faults in orthography, which I have corrected, and which it is fit you should observe. Those things which all people can do well if they please, it is a shame to do ill. As for example; writing and spelling well only require care and attention. There are other things which people are not obliged to do at all; but if they do them at all, are obliged to do them well, or they make themselves very ridiculous by attempting them. As for instance; dancing, music, painting; which a man is not obliged to know at all; but then he is obliged by common sense not to do them at all, unless he does them well. I am very glad to hear that you have increased your fortune, by the acquisition of two silver pence. In that article (in spite of the old proverb) I recommend to you, to be *penny wise*, and to take a great deal of pains to get more. Money so got brings along with it, what seldom accompanies money, honour. As you
are

are now got into sense verses, remember, that it is not sufficient to put a little common sense into hexameters and pentameters; that alone does not constitute poetry: but observe, and endeavour to imitate, the poetical diction, the epithets, and the images of the poets; for though the Latin maxim is a true one, *Nascitur poeta, fit orator*; that relates only to the genius, the fire, and the invention of the poet, which is certainly never to be acquired, but must be born with him. But the mechanical parts of poetry, such as the diction, the numbers, and the harmony, they are to be acquired by care. Many words, that are very properly used in prose, are much below the dignity of verse. Frequent epithets would be very improper and affected in prose, but are almost necessary in verse. Thus you will observe, that Ovid, the poet you now read, adds an epithet to almost every substantive; which epithet is to point out some particular circumstance or peculiarity of the substantive. Virgil commonly gives the epithet of *Pius* to his Hero *Æneas*, upon account of his remarkable piety, both to his father Anchises, and to the gods; but then, when he represents him fighting, or making love, he judiciously changes the epithet, and calls him *Dux Æneas*, a more proper epithet in those situations. Ovid, in his epistle from Penelope to Ulysses, makes her give him the epithet of *lentus*, because he was so long a coming home.

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit Ulyssi.

When you read the Poets attend to all these things, as

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well as merely to the literal construction of the language, or the feet of the verse.

I hope you take pains with Mr. Fitzgerald, and improve much in Greek, for that, I am sure, is in your power. I will give you Horace's advice upon that subject.

*Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Every body knows Latin, but few people know Greek well ; so that you will distinguish yourself much more by Greek, than you can by Latin : and, considering how long you have learned it, you ought to know it as well.

If you would have me bring you any thing from hence, let me know what, and you shall have it ; provided that, at my return, I hear an equally good account of you from Dr. Nichols, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Monsieur Coudert. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Bath, August the 8th, 1743.

DEAR BOY,

I AM very sorry to hear from London that you have got a rash, which I suppose proceeds from an immense quantity of bad fruit you have eaten ; however, it is well for you that the distemper discharges itself in this way, and you will be the better for it afterwards.

terwards. But pray let all fruit, for some time, be forbidden fruit to you; and let no Westminster Eve, with either stall or basket, tempt you to taste. Health, in my mind, deserves more attention than life; and yet one would think that few people knew the value of it, by their way of living. Fruit is yet the only irregularity your age exposes you to; and you see the consequences of it; but they are not to compare to the ill consequences which attend the irregularities of manhood. Wine and women give incurable distempers. Fevers, the gout, the stone, the pox, are the necessary consequences of debauchery: and can rational creatures then wilfully bring such misfortunes upon themselves? I am sure you never will. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, is the truest description I know of human happiness; I think you have them both at present; take care to keep them: it is in your power to do it.

If I should not be in town before the silly breaking-up for Bartholomew-tide, I would have you then go as usual to Mr. Maittaire, to amuse yourself with Greek. I have wrote to him about it; and I expect a much better account of you from him this breaking-up, than I had the last. Do not write to me after next Thursday, for I leave this place next Saturday. You need not send me any theme, since you have not been well, and I will be satisfied with hearing of your recovery; but you may get the two themes I sent you ready against I come to town. You will observe, they are direct contrary subjects, and I shall be glad to know, what you can urge on each side of the question. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, is what Ovid says of Phaë-

ton, to excuse his attempting what he could not perform ; and implies, that there is some degree of merit in attempting great things, even though one fails. The other, *Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice*, recommends prudence in all we undertake, and to attempt nothing that we are not sure to be able to go through with. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Hague, April the 16th, N. S. 1745.

DEAR BOY,

GIVE the inclosed to Monsieur Coudert ; 'tis in answer to one I received from him lately, in which he commends you, and consequently pleases me. If your praises give me so much pleasure, how much more must they give you, when they come round to you, and are consequently untainted with flattery ! To be commended by those, who themselves deserve to be commended, and for things commendable in themselves, is in my mind the greatest pleasure any body can feel. Tacitus expresses it with great strength, in three words, when he relates that Germanicus used to go about his camp in disguise, to hear what his soldiers and officers said of him, and overhearing them always speak well of him, adds, *Fruitur famâ sui* : *He enjoys his own reputation*. No man deserves reputation, who does not desire it, and whoever desires it, may be sure, to a certain degree, to deserve it, and to have it. Do you therefore win it, and wear it;

it ; I can assure you no man is well-dressed who does not wear it : he had better be in rags.

Next to character, which is founded upon solid merit, the most pleasing thing to one's self, is to please ; and that depends upon the manner of exerting those good qualities that form the character. Here the Graces are to be called in, to accompany and adorn every word and action ; the look, the tone of voice, the manner of speaking, the gestures, must all conspire to form that *Je ne sçay quoy*, that every body feels, though nobody can exactly describe. The best way of acquiring it, I believe, is to observe by what particular circumstance each person pleases you the best, and to imitate that person in that particular ; for what pleases you, will probably please another.

Monsieur Dunoyers will come to you this breaking-up, not so much to teach you to dance, as to walk, stand, and sit well. They are not such trifles as they are commonly thought, and people are more influenced by them than they imagine ; therefore pray mind them, and let genteel and graceful motions and attitudes become habitual to you. Adieu ! I shall see you before it is very long.

L E T T E R XXXI.

DEAR BOY, April the 30th, N. S. 1745.

YOU rebuke me very justly for my mistake between Juno and Venus, and I am very glad to be corrected by you. It is Juno's speech to Æolus.

in the first book of Virgil, that I meant, and if I said Venus's, I said very wrong. What led me into the error at the time, might possibly be, that in that speech (if I remember right) Juno assumes a little of Venus's character, and offers to procure for Æolus, by way of bribe.

Your Easter breaking-up is, by good luck, but short, and I hope I shall see you in England before your Whitsuntide idleness; though I flatter myself you will not make it a time of idleness, at least I will do my endeavours to prevent it.

I am sure you are now old enough, and I hope and believe that you are wise enough, to be sensible of the great advantages you will receive for the rest of your life, from application in the beginning of it. If you have regard for your character, if you would be loved and esteemed hereafter, this is your time, and your only time, to get the materials together; and to lay the foundation of your future reputation; the superstructure will be easily finished afterwards. One year's application now, is worth ten to you hereafter; therefore pray take pains now, in order to have pleasure afterwards; and mind always what you are about, be it what it will; it is so much time saved. Besides, there is no one surer sign in the world of a little frivolous mind, than to be thinking of one thing while one is doing another; for whatever is worth doing, is worth thinking of while one is doing it. Whenever you find any body incapable of attention to the same object for a quarter of an hour together, and easily diverted from it by some trifle; you may depend upon it that person is frivolous, and incapable of any thing great.

great. Let nothing *deturn* you from the thing you are about, unless it be of much greater consequence than that thing.

You will be thirteen by that time I shall see you ; and, considering the care I have taken of you, you ought to be at thirteen what other boys are at sixteen ; so that I expect to find you about sixteen at my return. Good night to you.

L E T T E R X X X I I .

Dublin Castle, November the 12th, 1745.

DEAR BOY,

I HAVE received your two letters, of the 26th October and 2d November, both which were pretty correct ; excepting that you make use of the word *disaffection*, to express want of affection ; in which sense it is seldom or never used, but with regard to the Government. People who are against the Government, are said to be *disaffected* ; but one never says, such a person is *disaffected* to his father, his mother, &c. though in truth it would be as proper ; but usage alone decides of language ; and that usage, as I have observed before, is the usage of people of fashion and letters. The common people, in every country, speak their own language very ill ; the people of fashion (as they are called) speak it better, but not always correctly, because they are not always people of letters. Those who speak their own language the most accurately, are those who have learn-

ing, and are at the same time in the polite world ; at least their language will be reckoned the standard of the language of that country. The grammatical rules of most languages are pretty nearly the same, and your Latin grammar will teach you to speak English grammatically. But every language has its particular idioms and peculiarities, which are not to be accounted for, but, being established by usage, must be submitted to ; as for instance, *How do you do ?* is absolute nonsense, and has no meaning at all ; but is used by every body, for *What is the state of your health ?* There are a thousand expressions of this kind in every language, which, though infinitely absurd, yet being universally received, it would be still more absurd not to make use of them. I had a letter by last post from Mr. Maittaire, in which he tells me, that your Greek grammar goes pretty well, but that you do not retain Greek words ; without which your Greek rules will be of very little use. This is not want of memory, I am sure, but want of attention ; for all people remember whatever they attend to. They say that “ Great wits have short memories ; ” but I say, that only fools have short ones ; because they are incapable of attention, at least to any thing that deserves it, and then they complain of want of memory.

It is astonishing to me that you have not an ambition to excel in every thing you do ; which, by attention to each thing, and to no other at that time, you might easily bring about. Can any thing be more flattering than to be acknowledged to excel in whatever one attempts ? And can idleness and dissipation
afford

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afford any pleasure equal to that? *Qui nil molitur ineptè*, was said of Homer; and is the best thing that can be said of any body. Were I in your place, I protest I should be melancholy and mortified, if I did not both construe Homer, and play at pitch, better than any boy of my own age, and in my own form. I like the epigram you sent me last very well, and would have you in every letter transcribe ten or a dozen lines out of some good author; I leave the choice of the subject, and of the language, to you. What I mean by it is, to make you retain so many shining passages of different authors, which writing them is the likeliest way of doing, provided you will but attend to them while you write them. Adieu! Work hard, or you will pass your time very ill at my return.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Dublin, February the 18th, 1746.

DEAR BOY,

I Received your letter, of the 14th, with great pleasure, it being well written in every sense. I am glad to find that you begin to taste Horace; the more you read him the better you will like him. His Art of Poetry is, in my mind, his master-piece; and the rules he there lays down, are applicable to almost every part of life. To avoid extremes, to observe propriety, to consult one's own strength, and to be consistent from beginning to end, are precepts as use-

ful for the man as for the poet. When you read it, have this observation in your mind, and you will find it holds true throughout. You are extremely welcome to my Tacitus, provided you make a right use of it; that is, provided you read it; but I doubt it is a little too difficult for you yet. He wrote in the time of Trajan, when the Latin language had greatly degenerated from the purity of the Augustan age. Besides, he has a peculiar conciseness of style, that often renders him obscure. But he knew, and describes mankind perfectly well; and that is the great and useful knowledge. You cannot apply yourself too soon, nor too carefully to it. The more you know men, the less you will trust them. Young people have commonly an ungarded openness and frankness; they contract friendships easily, are credulous to professions, and are always the dupes of them. If you would have your secret kept, keep it to yourself: and, as it is very possible that your friend may one day or other become your enemy, take care not to put yourself in his power, while he is your friend. The same arts and tricks that boys will now try upon you, for balls, bats, and halfpence, men will make use of with you when you are a man, for other purposes.

Your French epigram is a pretty one. I send you another in return, which was made upon a very insignificant, obscure fellow, who left a sum of money in his will, for an epitaph to be made upon him.

Colas

*Colas est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort ;
Que diable veux-tu que j'en dise ?
Colas vivoit ! Colas est mort !*

It exposes perfectly well the silly vanity of a fellow, who, though he had never done any thing to be spoken of in his life-time, wanted to have something said of him after his death. I will give you, into the bargain, a very good English epitaph, upon a virtuous and beautiful young lady :

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

Adieu ! Work hard ; for your day of trial draws near.

LETTER XXXIV.

Dublin, March the 23d, 1746.

DEAR BOY,

YOU are a mere Oedipus, and I do not believe a Sphynx could puzzle you ; though, to say the truth, consciousness is a great help to discoveries of that kind. I am glad you are sensible the book I mentioned requires more than one new edition before it can be correct ; but as you promise to co-operate

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with me, I am in great hopes of publishing a pretty good edition of it in five or six years time. I must have the text very correct, and the character very fair; both which must be chiefly your care: as for the notes, which I fancy you will desire should be bank-notes, I believe I must provide them; which I am very willing to do, if the book deserves them.

You call upon me for the partiality of an author to his own works; but take this along with you, that the worst authors are always the most partial to their own works; but a good author is the severest critic of his own compositions; therefore, as I hope that, in this case, I am a good author, I can tell you, I shall always be correcting, and never think my work perfect enough. To leave allegory, which should never be long (and it may be this has been too long) I tell you very seriously, that I both expect and require a great deal from you, and if you should disappoint me, I would not advise you to expect much from me. I ask nothing of you but what is intirely in your own power; to be an honest, a learned, and a well-bred man. As for the first, I cannot, I will not doubt it: I think you know already, the infamy, the horrors, and the misfortunes that always attend a dishonest and dishonourable man. As to learning, that is wholly in your own power; application will bring it about; and you must have it. Good-breeding is the natural result of common sense, and common observation. Common sense points out civility, and observation teaches you the manner of it, which makes it good-breeding. To tell you the truth, I do not know any thing you fail in so much as in this last; and a very
great

great failing it is. Though you have not yet seen enough of the world to be well-bred, you have sense enough to know what it is to be civil; but I cannot say that you endeavour much to be so. It is with difficulty that you bring yourself to do the common offices of civility, which should always seem willing and natural.

Pray tell your Mama, that I really have not had time to answer her letter; but that I will see what I can do about it when I return to England; and tell her too, that she is extremely welcome to send as many letters as ever she pleases under my cover.

Send me, in your next, that ode of Horace that begins with *Mater sæva Cupidinum*. Good night, Sir!

LETTER XXXV.

London, June, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VERY few celebrated negotiators have been eminent for their learning. The most famous French negotiators (and I know no nation that can boast of abler) have been military men, as Monsieur d'Harcourt, Comte d'Estrades, Maréchal d'Uxelles, and others. The late Duke of Marlborough, who was at least as able a negotiator as a general, was exceedingly ignorant of books, but extremely knowing in men; whereas the learned Grotius appeared, both in Sweden and in France, to be a very bungling minister.

minister. This is, in my opinion, very easily to be accounted for. A man of very deep learning must have employed the greatest part of his time in books ; and a skilful negotiator must necessarily have employed much the greatest part of his time with man. The sound scholar, when dragged out of his dusty closet, into business, acts by book, and deals with men as he has read of them ; not as he has known them by experience : he follows Spartan and Roman precedents, in what he falsely imagines to be similar cases ; whereas two cases never were, since the beginning of the world, exactly alike : and he would be capable, where he thought spirit and vigour necessary, to draw a circle round the persons he treated with, and to insist upon a categorical answer before they went out of it, because he had read, in the Roman history, that once upon a time some Roman ambassador did so. No ; a certain degree of learning may help, but no degree of learning will ever make a skilful minister : whereas a great knowledge of the world, of the characters, passions, and habits of mankind, has, without one grain of learning, made a thousand. Military men have seldom much knowledge of books, their education does not allow it ; but what makes great amends for that want is, that they generally know a great deal of the world ; they are thrown into it young ; they see variety of nations and characters ; and they soon find, that to rise, which is the aim of them all, they must first please : these concurrent causes almost always give them manners and politeness. In consequence of which, you see them always distinguished at Courts, and favoured by the women. I could

could wish that you had been of an age to have made a campaign or two as a volunteer. It would have given you an attention, a versatility, and an alertness; all which I doubt you want, and a great want it is.

A foreign minister has not great business to transact every day; so that his knowledge and his skill in negotiating are not frequently put to the trial: but he has that to do every day, and every hour of the day, which is necessary to prepare and smooth the way for his business; that is, to insinuate himself by his manners, not only into the houses, but into the confidence of the most considerable people of that place: to contribute to their pleasures, and insensibly not to be looked upon as a stranger himself. A skilful minister may very possibly be doing his master's business full as well, in doing the honours gracefully and genteely of a ball or a supper, as if he were laboriously writing a protocol in his closet. The Maréchal d'Harcourt, by his magnificence, his manners, and his politeness, blunted the edge of the long aversion which the Spaniards had to the French. The Court and the Grandees were personally fond of him, and frequented his house; and were at last insensibly brought to prefer a French to a German yoke; which I am convinced would never have happened, had Comte d'Harrach been Maréchal d'Harcourt, or the Maréchal d'Harcourt, Comte d'Harrach. The Comte d'Estrades had, by *ses manieres polies et liantes*, formed such connections, and gained such an interest in the republic of the United Provinces, that Monsieur de Witt, the then Pensionary of Holland,

often

often applies to him to use his interest with his friends, both in Holland and the other provinces, whenever he (De Witt) had a difficult point which he wanted to carry. This was certainly not brought about by his knowledge of books, but of men : dancing, fencing, and riding, with a little military architecture, were no doubt the top of his education ; and if he knew that *collegium*, in Latin, signified *college* in French, it must have been by accident. But he knew what was more useful : from thirteen years old he had been in the great world, and had read men and women so long, that he could then read them at sight.

Talking, the other day, upon this and other subjects, all relative to you, with one who knows and loves you very well, and expressing my anxiety and wishes that your exterior accomplishments, as a man of fashion, might adorn, and at least equal your intrinsic merit as a man of sense and honour ; the person interrupted me, and said, Set your heart at rest ; that never will nor can happen. It is not in character ; that gentleness, that *douceur*, those attentions, which you wish him to have, are not in his nature ; and do what you will, nay, let him do what he will, he never can acquire them. Nature may be a little disguised and altered by care ; but can by no means whatsoever be totally forced and changed. I denied this principle to a certain degree ; but admitting, however, that in many respects our nature was not to be changed ; and asserting, at the same time, that in others it might by care be very much altered and improved, so as in truth to be changed : that I took
those

those exterior accomplishments, which we had been talking of, to be mere modes, and absolutely depending upon the will, and upon custom : and that, therefore, I was convinced that your good sense, which must shew you the importance of them, would make you resolve at all events to acquire them, even in spite of nature, if nature be in the case. Our dispute, which lasted a great while, ended, as Voltaire observes that disputes in England are apt to do, in a wager of fifty guineas ; which I myself am to decide upon honour, and of which this is a faithful copy. If you think I shall win it, you may go my halves if you please ; declare yourself in time. This I declare, that I would most chearfully give a thousand guineas to win those fifty : you may secure them me if you please.

I grow very impatient for your future letters from the several Courts of Manheim, Bonn, Hanover, &c. &c. And I desire that your letters may be to me, what I do not desire they should be to any body else ; I mean full of yourself. Let the egotism, a figure which upon all other occasions I detest, be your only one to me. Trifles that concern you are not trifles to me ; and my knowledge of them may possibly be useful to you. Adieu.—*Les Graces, les graces, les graces.*

LETTER XXXVI.

Bath, November the 11th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a very old and a very true maxim, that those Kings reign the most secure, and the most absolute, who reign in the hearts of their people. Their popularity is a better guard than their army; and the affections of their subjects, a better pledge of their obedience, than their fears. This rule is, in proportion, full as true, though upon a different scale, with regard to private people. A man who possesses that great art of pleasing universally, and of gaining the affections of those with whom he converses, possesses a strength which nothing else can give him: a strength, which facilitates and helps his rise; and which, in case of accidents, breaks his fall. Few people of your age sufficiently consider this great point of popularity; and, when they grow older and wiser, strive in vain to recover what they lost by their negligence. There are three principal causes that hinder them from acquiring this useful strength; pride, inattention, and *mauvaise honte*. The first, I will not, I cannot suspect you of; it is too much below your understanding. You cannot, and I am sure you do not think yourself superior by nature to the Savoyard who cleans your room, or the footman who cleans your shoes; but you may rejoice, and with reason, at the difference that fortune has made in your favour.

Enjoy

Enjoy all those advantages; but without insulting those who are unfortunate enough to want them, or even doing any thing unnecessarily that may remind them of that want. For my own part, I am more upon my guard as to my behaviour to my servants, and others who are called my inferiors, than I am towards my equals; for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment, of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, and perhaps, too, undeservedly, made between us. Young people do not enough attend to this; but falsely imagine that the imperative mood, and a rough tone of authority and decision, are indications of spirit and courage. Inattention is always looked upon, though sometimes unjustly, as the effect of pride and contempt; and where it is thought so, is never forgiven. In this article, young people are generally exceedingly to blame, and offend extremely. Their whole attention is engrossed by their particular set of acquaintance; and by some few glaring and exalted objects, of rank, beauty, or parts: all the rest they think so little worth their care, that they neglect even common civility towards them. I will frankly confess to you, that this was one of my great faults when I was of your age. Very attentive to please that narrow Court circle in which I stood enchanted, I considered every thing else as *bourgeois*, and unworthy of common civility; I paid my court assiduously and skilfully enough to shining and distinguished figures, such as ministers, wits, and beauties; but then I most absurdly and imprudently neglected, and consequently offended all others. By this folly I made myself a
thousand

thousand enemies of both sexes; who, though I thought them very insignificant, found means to hurt me essentially, where I wanted to recommend myself the most. I was thought proud, though I was only imprudent. A general easy civility and attention to the common run of ugly women, and of middling men, both which I fillily thought, called, and treated as odd people, would have made me as many friends, as by the contrary conduct I made myself enemies. All this too was *à pure perte*; for I might equally, and even more successfully, have made my court, where I had particular views to gratify. I will allow that this task is often very unpleasant, and that one pays, with some unwillingness, that tribute of attention to dull and tedious men, and to old and ugly women; but it is the lowest price of popularity and general applause, which are very well worth purchasing, were they much dearer. I conclude this head with this advice to you: Gain, by particular assiduity and address, the men and women you want; and, by an universal civility and attention, please every body so far, as to have their good word, if not their good will; or, at least, as to secure a partial neutrality.

Mauvaise honte not only hinders young people from making a great many friends, but makes them a great many enemies. They are ashamed of doing the thing that they know to be right, and would otherwise do, for fear of the momentary laugh of some fine gentleman or lady, or of some *mauvais plaisant*. I have been in this case; and have often wished an obscure acquaintance at the devil, for meeting and taking notice of me, when I was in what I thought
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and called fine company. I have returned their notice shily, awkwardly, and consequently offensively, for fear of a momentary joke; not considering, as I ought to have done, that the very people who would have joked upon me at first, would have esteemed me the more for it afterwards. An example explains a rule best: Suppose you were walking in the Tuilleries with some fine folks, and that you should unexpectedly meet your old acquaintance, little crooked Grierson; what would you do? I will tell you what you should do, by telling you what I would now do in that case myself. I would run up to him, and embrace him; say some kind things to him, and then return to my company. There I should be immediately asked: *Mais qu'est ce que c'est donc que ce petit Sapajou que vous avez embrassé si tendrement? Pour cela l'accolade a été charmante*; with a great deal more festivity of that sort. To this I should answer, without being the least ashamed, but *en badinant*: *O je ne vous dirai pas qui c'est; c'est un petit ami que je tiens incognito, qui a son mérite, et qui, à force d'être connu, fait oublier sa figure. Que me donnerez-vous, et je vous le présenterai?* And then, with a little more seriousness, I would add; *Mais d'ailleurs c'est que je ne désavoue jamais mes connoissances, à cause de leur état ou de leur figure. Il faut avoir bien peu de sentiments pour le faire.* This would at once put an end to that momentary pleasantry; and give them all a better opinion of me than they had before. Suppose another case; and that some of the finest ladies *du bon ton* should come into a room, and find you sitting by, and talking politely to la vieille Marquise de Bellefonds, the

would, for a moment, turn upon that tête à tête. *He bien ! avez-vous à la fin fixé la belle Marquise ? La partie est-elle faite pour la petite maison ? le souper sera galant sans doute. Mais ne fais-tu donc point scrupule de séduire une jeune et aimable personne comme celle-la ?* To this I should answer : *La partie n'étoit pas encore tout-à-fait liée, vous nous avez interrompu ; mais avec le tems que fait-on ? D'ailleurs moquez-vous de mes amours tant qu'il vous plaira, je vous dirai que je respecte tant les jeunes dames, que je respecte même les vieilles, pour l'avoir été. Après cela il y a souvent des liaisons entre les vieilles et les jeunes.* This would at once turn the pleasantry into an esteem for your good sense and your good breeding. Pursue steadily, and without fear or shame, whatever your reason tells you is right, and what you see is practised by people of more experience than yourself, and of established characters of good sense and good breeding.

After all this, perhaps you will say, that it is impossible to please every body. I grant it : but it does not follow that one should not therefore endeavour to please as many as one can. Nay, I will go farther, and admit, that it is impossible for any man not to have some enemies. But this truth, from long experience, I assert, that he who has the most friends, and the fewest enemies, is the strongest ; will rise the highest with the least envy ; and fall, if he does fall, the gentlest, and the most pitied. This is surely an object worth pursuing. Pursue it according to the rules I have here given you. I will add one observation more, and two examples to enforce it ; and then, as the parsons say, conclude.

There

There is no one creature so obscure, so low, or so poor, who may not, by the strange and unaccountable changes and vicissitudes of human affairs, somehow or other, and some time or other, become an useful friend, or a troublesome enemy, to the greatest and the richest.—The late Duke of Ormond was almost the weakest, but, at the same time, the best bred, and most popular man in this kingdom. His education in courts and camps, joined to an easy, gentle nature, had given him that habitual affability, those engaging manners, and those mechanical attentions, that almost supplied the place of every talent he wanted; and he wanted almost every one. They procured him the love of all men, without the esteem of any. He was impeached after the death of Queen Anne, only because that, having been engaged in the same measures with those who were necessarily to be impeached, his impeachment, for form's sake, became necessary. But he was impeached without acrimony, and without the least intention that he should suffer, notwithstanding the party violence of those times. The question for his impeachment, in the House of Commons, was carried by many fewer votes, than any other question of impeachment; and Earl Stanhope, then Mr. Stanhope, and Secretary of State, who impeached him, very soon after negotiated and concluded his accommodation with the late King; to whom he was to have been presented the next day. But the late Bishop of Rochester, Atterbury, who thought that the Jacobite cause might suffer by losing the Duke of Ormond, went in all haste, and prevailed with the poor weak man to run away; assuring him, that

that he was only to be gulled into a disgraceful submission, and not to be pardoned in consequence of it. When his subsequent attainder passed, it excited mobs and disturbances in town. He had not a personal enemy in the world, and had a thousand friends. All this was singly owing to his natural desire of pleasing; and to the mechanical means that his education, not his parts, had given him of doing it. —The other instance is the late Duke of Marlborough, who studied the art of pleasing, because he well knew the importance of it: he enjoyed and used it more than ever man did. He gained whoever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as Minister and General, made him many political and party enemies, they did not make him one personal one; and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted the Duke of Marlborough, at the same time personally loved Mr. Churchill, even though his private character was blemished by fordid avarice, the most unamiable of all vices. He had wound up and turned his whole machine to please and engage. He had an inimitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the least person. This was all art in him; art, of which he well knew and enjoyed the advantages; for no man ever had more interior ambition, pride, and avarice, than he had.

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Though you have more than most people of your age, you have yet very little experience and knowledge of the world; now I wish to inoculate mine upon you, and thereby prevent both the dangers and the marks of youth and inexperience. If you receive the matter kindly, and observe my prescriptions scrupulously, you will secure the future advantages of time, and join them to the present inestimable ones of one and twenty.

I most earnestly recommend one thing more to you, during your present stay at Paris: I own it is not the most agreeable; but I affirm it to be the most useful thing in the world to one of your age; and therefore I do hope that you will force and constrain yourself to do it. I mean, to converse frequently, or rather to be in company frequently, with both men and women much your superiors in age and rank. I am very sensible that, at your age, *vous y entrez pour peu de chose, et même souvent pour rien, et que vous y passerez même quelques mauvais quart-d'heures*; but no matter; you will be a solid gainer by it: you will see, hear, and learn the turn and manners of those people; you will gain premature experience by it; and it will give you a habit of engaging and respectful attentions. Versailles, as much as possible, though probably unentertaining: the Palais Royal often, however dull: foreign ministers of the first rank, frequently: and women, though old, who are respectable and respected for their rank or parts; such as Madame de Puiseux, Madame de Nivernois, Madame d'Aiguillon, Madame Geoffrain, &c. This *sujettion*, if it be one to you, will cost you but very little in these three

or four months that you are to pass at Paris, and will bring you in a great deal; nor will it, nor ought it, to hinder you from being in more entertaining company great part of the day. *Vous pouvez, si vous le voulez, tirer un grand parti de ces quatre mois.* May God make you do so, and blest you! Adieu.

L E T T E R X X X V I I .

Christmas-Day, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A TYRANT, with legions at his command, may say, *Oderint modo timeant*; though he is a fool if he says it, and a greater fool if he thinks it. But a private man, who can hurt but few, though he can please many, must endeavour to be loved, for he cannot be feared in general. Popularity is his only rational and sure foundation. The good will, the affections, the love of the public, can alone raise him to any considerable height. Should you ask me how he is to acquire them? I will answer, By desiring them. No man ever deserved, who did not desire them, and no man both deserved and desired them, who had them not, though many have enjoyed them merely by desiring, and without deserving them. You do not imagine, I believe, that I mean by this public love, the sentimental love of either lovers or intimate friends; no, that is of another nature, and confined to a very narrow circle: but I mean that general good will, which a man may acquire in
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the world, by the arts of pleasing respectively exerted, according to the rank, the situation, and the turn of mind of those whom he has to do with. The pleasing impressions which he makes upon them, will engage their affections, and their good wishes, and even their good offices, as far (that is) as they are not inconsistent with their own interests; for farther than that you are not to expect from three people in the course of your life, even were it extended to the patriarchal term. Could I revert to the age of twenty, and carry back with me all the experience that forty years more have taught me, I can assure you that I would employ much the greatest part of my time in engaging the good will, and in insinuating myself into the predilection of people in general, instead of directing my endeavours to please (as I was too apt to do) to the man whom I immediately wanted, or the woman I wished for, exclusively of all others. For if one happens (and it will sometimes happen to the ablest man) to fail in his views with that man or that woman; one is at a loss to know who to address one's self to next, having offended in general, by that exclusive and distinguished particular application. I would secure a general refuge in the good will of the multitude, which is a great strength to any man; for both ministers and mistresses chuse popular and fashionable favourites. A man who solicits a minister, backed by the general good will and good wishes of mankind, solicits with weight and great probability of success: and a woman is strangely biased in favour of a man, whom she sees in fashion, and hears every body

speak well of. This useful art of insinuation consists merely of various little things. A graceful motion, a significant look, a trifling attention, an obliging word dropped *a propos*, air, dress, and a thousand other undefinable things, all severally little ones, joined together, make that happy and inestimable composition, *the art of pleasing*. I have in my life seen many a very handsome woman who has not pleased me, and many very sensible men, who have disgusted me: Why? only for want of these thousand little means to please, which those women, conscious of their beauty, and those men of their sense, have been grossly enough mistaken to neglect. I never was so much in love in my life, as I was with a woman who was very far from being handsome, but then she was made up of graces, and had all the arts of pleasing. The following verses, which I have read in some congratulatory poem prefixed to some work, I have forgot which, express what I mean in favour of what pleases, preferably to what is generally called more solid and instructive.

I would an author like a mistress try,
 Not by a nose, a lip, a cheek, or eye,
 But by some nameless power to give me joy.

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Lady Chesterfield bids me make you many compliments; she shewed me your letter of recommendation of la Vestris; with which I was very well pleased: there is a pretty turn in it; I wish you would always speak as genteely. I saw another letter from a lady at Paris, in which there was a high panegyrical paragraph concerning you. I wish, it

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were every word of it literally true, but as it comes from a very little, pretty, white hand, which is suspected, and I hope justly, of great partiality to you ; *il en faut rabattre quelque chose, et même en le faisant il y aura toujours d'assez beaux restes.* Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

London, January the 29th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO days ago I received your letter of the 8th. I wish you had gone a month or six weeks sooner to Basle, that you might have escaped the excessive cold, of the most severe winter that I believe was ever known. It congealed both my body and my mind, and scarcely left me the power of thinking. A great many here, both in town and country, have perished by the frost, and been lost in the snow.

You have heard, no doubt, of the changes at court, by which you have got a new Provincial, Lord Weymouth ; who has certainly good parts, and, as I am informed, speaks very well in the House of Lords, but I believe he has no application. Lord Chatham is at his house at Hayes, but fees no mortal. Some say that he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good ; but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true. Were he well, I am very sure he would realize the promise he made me concerning you ;

you ; but however, in that uncertainty, I am looking out for any chance borough ; and if I can find one, I promise you I will bid like a chapman for it, as I should be very sorry that you were not in the next Parliament. I do not see any probability of any vacancy in a foreign commission in a better climate ; Mr. Hamilton at Naples, Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and George Pitt at Turin, do not seem likely to make one. And as for changing your foreign department for a domestic one, it would not be in my power to procure you one ; and you would become *d'évêque méunier*, and gain nothing in point of climate, by changing a bad one for another full as bad, if not worse ; and a worse I believe is not than ours. I have always had better health abroad than at home ; and if the tattered remnant of my wretched life were worth my care, I would have been in the South of France long ago. I continue very lame and weak, and despair of ever recovering any strength in my legs. I care very little about it. At my age, every man must have his share of physical ills of one kind or another ; and mine, thank God, are not very painful. God bless you !

L E T T E R XXXIX.

London, March the 15th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter is supplemental to my last. This morning Lord Weymouth very civilly sent Mr. Wood, his first *commis*, to tell me, that the King very willingly

willingly gave you leave of absence from your post for a year, for the recovery of your health; but then added, that as the Court of Vienna was tampering with that of Saxony, which it seems our court is desirous to *contrequarrer*, it might be necessary to have in the interim a *Chargé d'Affaires* at Dresden, with a defalcation out of your appointments of forty shillings a day, till your return, if I would agree to it. I told him, that I consented to both the proposals, upon condition that at your return you should have the character and the pay of Plenipotentiary added to your present character and pay; and that I would completely make up to you the defalcation of the forty shillings a day. He positively engaged for it, and added, that he knew that it would be willingly agreed to. Thus I think I have made a good bargain for you, though but an indifferent one for myself; but that is what I never minded in my life. You may, therefore, depend upon receiving from me the full of this defalcation, when and how you please, independently of your usual annual refreshment, which I will pay to Monsieur l'Arpent, whenever you desire it. In the mean time, *Cura ut valeas*.

The person whom Mr. Wood intimated to me would be the *Chargé d'Affaires* during your absence, is one Mr. Keith, the son of that Mr. Keith who was formerly Minister in Russia.

F I N I S.

CR.





Oct 21 1888